

W. H. A. C. H.
H. C. A. H.

B R I S T O L.

Et Fortuna optima quæ nos ad Philosophiam
impellit. SENECA.

SENECA.

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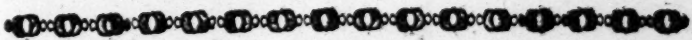
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P R E F A C E.

THE first chapter of these observations was part of a letter to a distant friend. The others were written in the evening's solitary hour, when, after the glare of day is past, I sometimes repose from severer studies, and resign my pen to the effusions of my heart.

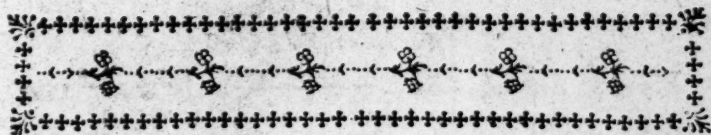
These would, probably, have shared the fate of many other productions of the same nature,—been thrown into a corner, or committed to the flames;—but, in a vain moment, I was induced to read them to a select circle of kindred spirits who persuaded me that they would be acceptable

P R E F A C E.

acceptable to the world.—I yield, therefore, to the solicitations of those, whose judgment, I believe, would justify a more hardy deed than this publication.—And, if, in this instance, it should, for once, have erred ; such error must be imputed to the kind partiality of friendship ; which, even in its excesses, has sometimes been thought not only worthy of pardon,—but of applause.



The



THE
PHILOSOPHER

IN
BRISTOL.

WHEN the Philosopher was asked by his friend at the Olympic games what was the motive which led him thither, he made this reply.—

“ Some come here to behold the magnificence of the assembly ;—others to see their sons and relations contend in the games :—many to meet their old friends and acquaintance ;—Numbers to sell and buy merchandize, as this is the general

B

mart

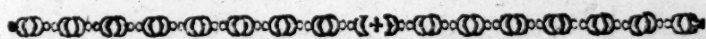
mart of all Greece.—A few come hither to observe;—and among these, my friend, added He, you may reckon upon me.”—

To make such observations as will not give reasonable offence to others, and, at the same time, improve ourselves, is, by no means, an easy business.—but what have I done, that I should not, during my stay in this great and flourishing city, take up the trade of the Philosopher, and observe upon every thing around me!—My eye has not been idle, nor, I trust, impertinent; but has attentively viewed the promiscuous objects which presented themselves before it, from the Phaetonic Honours of a triumphant Representative,—to the poor blind-boy who sells tawdry pictures, for a penny a piece, at the Blind Stairs.

—— I examine my heart,—and I find it deficient neither in candour or benevolence.—



nevolence.—Wherefore then should I
 check my sober inclination to observe—?
 ———by yon bright star, which now
 glitters in the heavens, I will indulge it;
 ———and when I have made the observa-
 tions to myself,——who knows,——but I
 may give them to the world.—



The Q U A Y.

AN active scene is my delight;—but
 it must be at a distance from me.—I am
 pleased with beholding the croud and
 bustle of life without being engaged in
 it.—I love to sit upon an hill and view the
 chace in the valley. I can stand upon
 the wharfs and quays of this city and
 contemplate, with infinite satisfaction,
 the busy labours of the children of com-
 merce.—Every countenance bears the

character of industry on its brow;—every hand is grasping at toil,—and every sinew is exerted in adding to the greatness and riches of this commercial nation.—Nay the active seaman, when his vessel has discharged its freight, and received a new burthen, amid the loitering tides and hostile winds, plays, as it were, with labour,—retwists his ropes, and, for his amusement, reefs and unreefs the useless sail.

——But in observing the hurried employments of this active scene, I remark the passions which are agitated, as well as the strength, skill and industry which are exerted in them.—While the ponderous weight of merchandize, the bars of iron, or the bale of silk is heaved by the powerful engine from the vessel to the store-house, I observed the owner's eye, examine every turn of his countenance while his property is suspended in the air, and behold, by degrees, his features

tures lose their anxiety as it approaches the place of safety whither it is destined.

—Or when, by adverse winds, the vessel is detained in the harbour, I watch the seaman's wishful looks, which, as he sits smoaking his restless pipe at the helm, he continually casts up to the main-top-mast, and asks the pendant, which is fluttering there, whether it is time to go.

—If he is young, I suppose some tender Susan mourns his absence, and that he longs to reward her pain with new proofs of his truth and fidelity.—If he is in more advanced life, I make him the father of children,—and, in the interval of rest, I give to his bosom the affections of parental love, and some anxious wishes for the safety of his little hut, built on a foreign strand, around which the tempests blow and the billows roar.

—But whilst I am indulging this flow of sentiment, my love sick sailor rests his right-hand, in which he holds his

pipe, on his knee,—and sings his favourite ballad.

*HASTE, ye brisk winds, haste to blow,
And bear my stout ship to the sea;
To foreign lands I long to go;—
For there my charmer waits for me.*

*Tho' storms arise and tempests roar,
No harm or danger shall I see;—
For they will help to waft me o'er
To where my charmer waits for me.*

*Oh could I feel the rising gale,
My heavy heart would merry be!—
Soon would I guide the swelling sail
To where my charmer waits for me!*

——In such a crowded place as this, these sentimental speculations might be endless:—by some, perhaps, they may be thought fanciful;—but I am sure they are not unprofitable—at least, my heart tells me, that the indulging sentiments favourable

favourable to humanity, and calling forth the finer affections of the human breast, greatly helps to improve and meliorate our nature.—The man of taste plants Trees upon the wild heath to give it a cultivated appearance.—The Painter selects such objects as will best suit his purpose, and dresses them to his own ideas;—and why may not the Philosopher, in his speculations on the busy scene of life, employ his fancy in giving to human characters those sentiments which would do them honour.————The great advantage of possessing a delicacy of taste arises from the particular objects to which it looks, and the manner in which it pursues them.—Nothing mean or sordid attends the mind in its sentimental progress.—Good humour, candour, benevolence and all the social virtues are its constant companions:—assisted, sometimes, and improved by a warm, glowing imagination, which, thus accompanied,

nied, while it heightens and beautifies, does not deceive.

—I am perfectly convinced, that there is nothing which renders a man so independent in his happiness as the possession of this delicacy of taste and sentiment; —which, being seated in the mind, makes that the source of its best and noblest pleasures:—while those of the senses, tho' sometimes enjoyed, are ever subordinate:—and this is the only idea I can form of rational happiness.—The evils of life we cannot command, nor oftentimes avoid;—but the pleasures which flow from a delicacy of sentiment are, in a great measure, our own;—as it is generally, if not always, in our power to direct it to such objects as, we have the greatest reason to believe, will produce pleasure and satisfaction.

The Old Soldier.

I Was a few weeks ago riding towards *King's Weston*, when, in a narrow part of the road, I saw a poor old man, in a coat patched with cloth of various colours, sitting upon a bank of primroses.—His beard was grey as his hair, and hung upon his breast. Beside him, lay his stick and a small leathern case, which, as I looked at it, seemed to contain a quantity of ballads and story books.—The old man, dressed as he was in this motley habit, was perfectly neat and clean; and his whole figure told me that he was not an ordinary beggar.—When I came near to him, he took off his hat and holding it at his arm's length, seemed, though he said nothing, to wish that something might be dropt into it.—I stopped,—and telling him, as I put my hand into my pocket, that I feared it was

was a cold feat which he had got there,—he replied, with a smile upon his countenance, oh, an' please your honour, the bare earth has been my pillow for weeks together:—And this, added he, looking beside him, this is a bed of roses.—My good friend, replied I, at thy time of life, and in the month of March, a bed of down, I believe, would suit thy aged limbs much better:—and if I were rich and within mine own gates thou shouldst have one. But whence arises the singularity of thy appearance?—This coat, worthy Sir, replied he, if any thing remains of it, was once a red coat, when I was a Serjeant in the twenty-second regiment of foot, in which I served upwards of thirty years in different parts of the world;—and after having been in twenty engagements and dangerously wounded seven times, I was discharged at the end of the last war without any other reward than the consciousness of having done my duty:—and tho' this
will

will oftentimes keep my heart from drooping, your Honour very well knows it will not keep my body warm in a cold day, or satisfy the cravings of an hungry stomach.—I ought, in justice, to have been recommended to *Chelsea*, but my good, and, indeed, my only friend Major MORRISON, died just before I was discharged;—and so many applied to be admitted, that, for want of a friend, I was passed over.—Major MORRISON, an' please your Honour, was as worthy a man as ever drew breath, and as good an officer as ever commanded a battalion.—He was my Captain twelve years;—and when he first wore a cockade, I taught him the manual exercise.—He would have been a good friend to me if he had lived.—But he was suddenly taken ill with a fever and sore throat, and died in five days, and went to Heaven.—But, my good friend, said I, have you no parish to which you may apply for relief?—Yes, Sir, replied he,
Bradford,

Bradford, in the county of *Wilts*, about six miles on one side of *Bath*, is my parish.—I was bred there to the clothing trade, and was what they call a shearmen; but I was grown so old and had been so long unused to the business, that I could do but very little in it when I returned there; and trade is now so dead in those parts, and such numbers of poor are to be supported by the parish, that I only received a shilling a week, which would not keep body and soul together.—So now, Sir, as I can still walk pretty well, I make a little circuit round this part of the country, selling godly books for a penny a-piece.—But this would not answer, if it was not for the charity I receive as I travel along:—for there are several Squire's houses where I am now so well known, that whenever I call, I am sure of having a comfortable meal or two, and that is a great blessing.—My coat, which your Honour seems to look at, as I told you before,

before, was once my Serjeant's coat, tho' I do not believe a single morsel of the old one remains.—I was unwilling to part with the least remnant of it;—so as it grew old, I patched the holes with any pieces of cloth I could get;—and it is now of so many colours, that some people have taken me for a Highlander with his plaid—but I am as true an Englishman as ever drew breath and fought for my country as bravely, though I am now a beggar.—But I do not mean, an' please your Honour, to say any thing against the Scotch, for I served with a regiment of them last war in America,—and braver men never faced an enemy.—We are now, Sir, I hope, all countrymen.—They were, to be sure, some of them rebels in the war before last, but they know better now.—Indeed I saw them suffer at the battle of *Culloden*, where they fell by thousands.—This cut on my face, Sir, I received in that engagement:—It was a bitter stroke:—

stroke:—but the thought of its being in defence of my country and against the Papists soon healed the wound.—If there was to be another war, I should be more concerned than I ever was for any thing in my life, that I could not grow young again and change my staff for a musket:—but, please your Honour, we cannot last for ever.——As he spoke these last words I dropped a few pieces of money into his hat, and while he was loading me with blessings I rode on my way.*——

—Now,

*—*The hearty benedictions of this old soldier recalled to my memory an anecdote of Pope Clement the Thirteenth;—who after shewing the greatest attention and condescending kindness to two English Noblemen,—on their taking leave of his Holiness, expressed himself in the following manner.—“ I know, my Lords, that from the difference of your religious*

—Now, I am fully convinced that the pleasure I received, in conversing with this old foldier, arose entirely from that sentimental disposition, which works up every thing it sees into a congeniality with some soft and amiable passion.—— Would not the man of traffic and merchandize have passed him by disregarded?—Or if he had, by chance, heard his story, would he not have forgotten his services, his labours, his wounds,—nay, his feeble old age, and dwelt alone upon the folly of leaving a trade where he might have grown rich, to follow the
camp

religious tenets and persuasions, you do not annex any particular power of a spiritual nature to my character.—But, however that may be, added the gracious Pontiff, the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.—So laying his hands upon their heads, he said, GOD bless you.”

camp where he has grown poor?—And considering his present need as the consequence of his folly, would he have pitied or relieved him?—and if he did bestow some trifle upon his grey hairs, would it not have been accompanied with some uncourteous reflection?—

——Men of merchandize are useful, very useful beings in all communities;—and the absolute support of many:—But if the love of gain so entirely envelopes all traits of feeling and delicacy of sentiment, which has been suspected by some,—I bless heaven that I am not a man of merchandize.

The Sailor.

A Few mornings ago,—I remember it was a rainy one,—as I was walking along one of the back streets of this city, I was very much struck with a melancholy figure of a blind man who was singing a song of love.—Misery could not have found, among the numbers of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

—While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt ;—a sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad of him.—

C God

God preserve you, cried the blind man, for I have not tasted bread this blessed day ;—when the sailor, looking 'round him, on a sudden, sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood ;—and returning immediately,—thrust a small loaf, silently, into the poor man's hand and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this truly noble act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me ;—and taking the little silver I had about me, which I think was but four shillings,—thy nobleness of soul, said I, and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve.—However I must beg your acceptance of this trifle as a small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature.——God bless your noble honour, said the sailor, and thank you ;—but we will divide the prize-money fairly ;

ly; so, stepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it; and, clapping him upon the shoulder at the same time, he added withal,—Here are two shillings for thee, my blind cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you;—so get into harbour and make thyself warm, and keep thy humstrum for fairer weather.—Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head,—he thanked me again and went nimbly down the street.

—Would the man of trade have observed this blind songster?—Or if he had, would he not have thought of a Beadle and a Work-house?—Would his eyes have been open or his senses awake to the noble act of the honest seaman?—or if they had,—would he not have sheltered himself in the old observation,—that sailors get their money like horses and spend it like asses?—If this

be so;—I thank my propitious stars
that I am not a man of trade!—

—It is, I believe, universally agreed,
that the schemes and designs of men,
almost always, in the general eye of man-
kind, derive their merit and eclat from
their success alone; while individuals are
disposed to estimate things according to
the labour and pains which they have
bestowed in acquiring them.—As this is
the case, we can no longer wonder that
they, whose whole lives have been one
continued scene of toil and trouble in
acquiring money, should be tenacious of
possessing it, and derive their importance
from it.—but be that as it may;—poor
as I am,——and poor as I am like to be;
—I would not forego the disposition of
mind, to which I owe the honest and
heartfelt pleasures I received from the
tale of my old soldier, and the generous
deed of the sailor, for all the riches which
have been acquired by trade, from the
time

time when Tyre and Sidon flourished,—
to the present hour !

—I do not affect to despise riches ;—
nay, on the contrary, I wish to be rich.
—But God, who now reads my heart,
knows that it is not from a sordid mo-
tive, or from any superiority which riches
may give me ;—but that I might extend
the circuit of my benevolence ; and
practise, as well as feel, the sentiments
of charity.—The rich have no real ad-
vantage, over others, but in the delight-
ful employment of exerting their afflu-
ence to the purposes of beneficence.—
The secret sigh which I heave for the
wretched ;—and the silent tear which I
shed over the miserable, however unac-
companied they may be with actual alm-
giving, are equally recorded, in the vo-
lume of heaven with the most bountiful
acts of charity :—and we well know, —
that in a future world, the contents of
that volume will determine our final state
and unalterable allotment.

The

The Hot-Wells.

YESTERDAY morning I went to call upon a friend whom the News-paper informed me was arrived at the HOT-WELLS.—I found him at breakfast;—and on my entering the room, what, my dear Sir, said I, can have brought you hither?—I never heard that the sons of medicine, with all their arts and caprices, ever sent the gouty to these springs!—No, replied he, I came here for quiet, change of air, and to look into myself and examine my own heart, which you know, is sometimes necessary, and requires that freedom from disturbance which I find here.—You are, he was pleased to add, the man of all others I should wish to assist me in the business; so let us pass the day together.—And here, said he, pointing to a parade before the house, here is a fine volume to aid
our

our examinations and recall us to our subject if we should happen to stray from it.—I looked out,—and as it was the hour when health calls her votaries to the fountain, I saw many hastening thither.—

—There was youth already grown old ;—and beauty withered e'er, it had bloomed :—I beheld the middle-aged striving to secure old-age,—and the old as anxious after life as if it was a new thing,—and they had never enjoyed a moment of it.—Some were slowly dragging one leg after the other ;—and, among those who were on horse-back, I saw Ladies hoisted on pillions behind their servants.—I wished much to have seen their husbands or their brothers,—or their fathers riding before them !—but that seemed to be out of the question ;—and if a friend was to step forth on such an occasion, scandal, under the assumed title of propriety or prudence, would
bid

bid him retreat and resign his place to a foot-man.—

—If ever I should have a wife or a daughter who is to ride a double-horse out of the world,—if I cannot attend her to the last stage myself,—and she has no brother to do it;—I will thank any friend with tears in my eyes, for such a kindness.

—There were some whose faces I could scarcely see through the windows of their carriages,—but they appeared to be wondrous pale.

—And who, said I to my friend, are those two young ladies who are now passing by us?—They are, he replied, two phthifical nymphs of the fountain, who are both very handsome and are here for the benefit of the waters:—The eldest, I should think, may recover; but the other seems to be fading away
very

very fast;—and unless the summer's sun revives her;—another winter will blast her charms for ever!—And who is that slender figure, said I,—who can scarce walk,——whom a gentleman is this moment lifting into a chaise with coronets upon it? That is Lady ——, answered he.—She is, or I should rather say, she was one of the most lovely women I ever knew.—A few winters of pleasure and the world have brought her hither.—She grows weaker every day;—and she herself now has very little hopes of recovering from a disorder, which, however flattering it might have been, is grown rude and flatters her no more.—The gentleman who is with her is the brother of her Lord, who is given over by the Physicians for a complication of disorders: so that this young man will soon receive a title and an estate from his brother, and his sister will as soon, in all probability, ease him of a large jointure upon it.

—While

—While he was speaking,—a tall gentleman with a ghastly but smiling countenance came into the room.—I am really, said he, so much better and in such good spirits that I flatter myself I shall be able to dine with you.—Do so, said my friend, at half past three I shall expect you.—You may depend upon seeing me, added the gentleman, unless something very particular happens;—and accordingly he took his leave.—At half past three a message was sent to inform him that dinner was ready; but he could not come:—something very particular indeed had happened;—he was under an engagement he could not break:—for the servant returned and informed us—that he was dead.

—There now passed before the window a young gentleman of about thirteen years of age.—He was riding upon a very little horse, and a servant was walking beside it.—At some small distance

tance a lady of a very genteel appearance, followed;—and seemed to watch this little cavalcade with an interest that told me she was his mother.—The servant, seeing her, informed the young gentleman, as I suppose, that she was behind;—for turning his little horse suddenly round and striking it, at the same time, with his whip, he trotted up to her;—and they met just before the window where I stood.—Well, said she, my dear Charles, how do you like your poney?—Oh vastly Mamma, I think it has done me good already!—Heaven grant it may, my dear boy, replied she, and then kissed him:—and as he pressed his cheek to her lips, he answered, don't doubt it, my dear Mamma! so, giving her a fond playful stroke with his whip upon the shoulder, he rode off.—

—The lady then went back again;—but, as she went, continually turned round to take another fond look at her son.—

son.—And, if I was not very much deceived, before she was out of my sight, she took an handkerchief out of her pocket, as I imagine, to wipe away some tears from off her cheek which her tender affections had scattered there.—

A chaise now came to the door of the house where my friend lodged;—and he immediately rose from his seat and stood beside me at the window.—If I have any knowledge of you, said he, you will be as much delighted, within these few minutes, as you ever were in your life.—But before he could explain his meaning, a young lady, of an elegant figure, came hastily out of the house with a pillow in her hand, and having placed it carefully on the seat of the chaise, she returned and, in a few minutes, came forth again supporting her brother who was so weak that he could scarce walk.—They stopped at the bottom of the steps;—when she took his handkerchief out of his pocket,—

pocket,—and held his stick while he made use of it;—and then she returned him his stick,—and put his handkerchief into his pocket and led him to the chaise;—and having once again smoothed the pillow for him,—she helped him into the carriage,—and got in herself after him.

—This little melancholy scene of affection, said my friend, is acted here, three or four times a day:—and such a fine melancholy pleasure does it bestow upon my heart, that I sometimes postpone my ride for an hour lest I should not enjoy it.

He was in the right;—he knew me well!—I never was more delighted in my life.—the beauty of this action had charmed me,—and I was so entirely won by it,—that if I had possessed an exchequer which would have admitted of matrimony, I would have laid the keys of it at the feet of this young lady, and those of my heart along with them.

—The

—The next day, as I was passing by the young gentleman's lodgings, the window was open, and he and his sister were standing near it.—His arm was round her neck and his head reclined upon her bosom:—In one hand she held a white handkerchief, and with the other she helped to support his feeble frame.—His eyes were shut,—while she never took hers from off his pale countenance, but watched it with the most winning and heavenly look of affection I ever beheld.

—Oh!—thought I,—what a fine discipline is this business, as I have seen it performed, to prepare the sister for the wife.—This school of fond attention, where every amiable feeling of the mind is in continual exercise,—where affection keeps her vigils, and, with a vestal patience and piety, watches over the flame of expiring life,—Oh!—'tis a school of virtue!—and from such a seminary,—
I would

I would recommend those very few who do not look towards riches, birth and fashion in their matrimonial connections, to chuse the amiable partners of their joys and sorrows.—

—————From such a school, they come with hearts already formed to tenderness and the most angelic offices of life; and enter with a degree of perfection into the marriage state, which they who step forth from the temple of vanity and pleasure do seldom, if ever, attain, but after much time, and many repeated strokes of adversity and sorrow.

You see, said my friend, do you not? —a lady in crimson, who is leaning upon a young man in green?—I do, replied I, but health itself seems to have painted her cheek with its proudest glow.—That bloom, said he, is very deceitful and hides a deadly poison which preys upon her life.—She is a great fortune and not yet

yet nineteen, and is come hither to stop the progress of a consumption which has already begun its ravage upon her. If she recovers, she is to be married to the gentleman upon whose arm she hangs:—but, alas, they tell me she is hastening apace to that land, where they are neither married nor given in marriage.—

—The young man who is now getting into his carriage, added my friend, has ten thousand pounds a year,—and a very jolly fellow he has been.—As he was speaking, the chaise passed along and I saw him wan and emaciated.—A servant followed leading an horse for him to ride when he got upon the Down:—and I could not help observing, that the animal thrived upon his master's sickness, and was so fat and sleek, and formed such a mortifying contrast, that I am afraid I was going to utter some very petulant and unchristian-like sentiment,—when the braying of a milch-ass, which stood
just

just before the window, kindly interrupted me.——

—Hold thy peace, my good friend, said I to the afs,——I understand thee! —I know that thou, also, dost thrive by the miseries——I hope Heaven will forgive me, for I was going to say——of thy fellow-creatures.——

—But I do not mean to insult any one, even an afs,—and if there should be any who can be so weak as to be offended at me,—I am sorry for them,——

—But thine is an insulted race;—and the rugged ground is thy bed,—and the thistle is thy provender,—and little but hard labour dost thou meet with,—and stripes for the reward of it!—But, happy for thee,—thou dost sometimes carry the springs of health in thine udders!——and then thou dost fatten in the pasture,—and grow sleek and become well-looking.—The eye of beauty doth then look

D

kindly

kindly upon thee ;—and while its fair hand strokes thy face,—its heart exults with the hope, that, by thy aid,—the rose will return to its cheek again !——

——Yes, said my friend, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good :—and firait, a Doctor rattled by in his chariot, as if death had been behind him.——

——And so he was !——the plumes nodded on his crest ;—and his pale ensigns, which whitened in the sun, proclaimed his triumph over youth and beauty !—

——And what would the Man of Gain say to all this ?—When he beheld the young hastening to the grave ;—he would rejoice that his parents had, both of them, good constitutions,—when he saw the middle-aged look pale,—oh, he would exclaim, what a glorious thing it is to have been prudent and temperate in one's youth,

youth,—when gasping old-age met him on his walk,—he would jog on the faster for the reflection, that there were years to come before he should reach it.—As the Doctor passed him, would he not say? —This must be an excellent business,—and I will bring up one of my children to it.—And when the train of death blackened the way beside him, as they attended, in all the pomp of funeral obsequies, some breathless body to its long home,—he would look grave and say,—that there was a great deal of money thrown away to very little purpose; —though he would become better satisfied, when the undertaker, who overheard him, whispered in his ear,

——*That all trades must live!*——

—When then, said my friend, laying his hand with some force upon my knee, and looking earnestly in my face,—if this be so;—’though I could be possessed

of all the riches which the muddy stream before us bears on its tide,—I would not be a man of gain.

The Ferry.

AS I was crossing the Ferry, at the *Hot-Wells*, this morning to take my favourite airing on *Leigh Down*, I observed a young woman in the boat whose eyes were red with weeping; and when we were arrived at the opposite side of the river, she leaped hastily ashore and went sobbing up the hill.

—There is something in affliction which is always so interesting to me, that, in whatever form it appears, I wish to connect myself with it;—and though this poor girl was very meanly habited,
I wished

I wished to have given her my arm to lean upon;—and, if the whole world had looked towards me, I should not have been ashamed.—But in affliction, there is also something truly venerable;—and I can never intrude into its presence without receiving some slight beckon from it,—unless a friend is in the case;—and then, I hope, the wings of an eagle would not be swift enough for my impatience.—But this poor girl was a stranger;—and I feared that in making enquiries concerning her sorrow I might offend her;—and instead of relieving, add to it.—I therefore wasted a silent wish of comfort after her, and saw her no more.

—On my return, the boatman told me, that she had been to seek her sweetheart, who was just returned from a sea-voyage, and that she had found him faithless and married to another.—As, in this particular situation, it was impos-

sible for me to relieve her heart,—I endeavoured to relieve my own, by writing this song for her :—and if I should see her again, while I sojourn in this part of the world, I will give it to her to sing when she milks her cows in the morning,—or is employed at the spinning-wheel in the evening.

*THO' the rain it did pour and the winds
they did blow*

When we passed over the Ferry ;

*Tho' the rain it did pour, my Jockey, you
know*

That my heart it was blithsome and merry.

But ah! tho' the sun most sweetly did shine

As I did return o'er the Ferry.

I wept,—for my Jockey no longer was mine,

And my heart knew not how to be merry.

*The sun now will shine and the winds blow
in vain,*

For I've bid adieu to the Ferry :—

I ne'er

*I ne'er, with my Jockey, shall pass it again,
And my heart has forgot to be merry.*



Durdham-Down.

THE philosophic eye beholds every thing,—and contemplates with pleasure the busy labours even of a groupe of children who are gathering cowslips for a May-day garland.—If it is but ivy upon a wall, or a nettle upon a bank, the Philosopher will hold discourse with it, and make it eloquent.

But here, there is such a quick succession of objects,—and they follow so closely upon each other, that they distract speculation.—This was really the case with me, as I was, this morning, taking the air on *Durdham-Down*.—The beauty of the prospect,—the variety and greatness

ness of the objects around me,—the warmth of the sun duly tempered by the western breeze,—the first song of the cuckow,—the universal smile of nature, all conspired to dilate every vessel of my heart.—I was awake to every thing:—Indeed, every thing seemed awake!—The languid raised their heads,—the heavy eye began to sparkle,—and Hope, adorned in all her gayest colours, danced before those who had for a long time drooped dispondent.——

—As I was considering, with tenderness, the causes and effects of what SHAKESPEARE calls the skyey influences, —I was obliged to remove quickly from my path to avoid the hurry of two gentlemen, who were trying the speed of their horses.—It was a violent and difficult contest, but was decided just as they reached the road which leads to *King's-Weston*.—As they drew up, four men passed along with a coffin upon their shoulders.——

shoulders.——It was a singular circumstance!——

—Thus, thought I, do the competitions of this world end:—and the competitors, in general, like these, think little of the matter!——

—The men walked hastily on with their funeral burthen unnoticed, to all appearance, by any but myself.

I crossed the Down ruminating upon this little event,—and the vanity of those contests which engage men in violent and unfriendly passions, 'till I found myself repeating four favourite lines from Dr. YOUNG:—

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho' we wade in wealth,—or soar
in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here
he lies"

And

And “Dust to dust”—concludes her noblest song!

—Here I was interrupted again.—
Oh what a motley, chequered scene is this world of ours!—

—A loud burst of merriment called my attention to the left of me, where there was a small company of country gazers who had stopped to see some feats upon the tight rope, by some strolling tumblers who were practising to prepare themselves for their public exhibition, at the same place, in the afternoon.—One of these poor people had fallen from the rope;—and this occasioned the loud laugh which disturbed my reverie.—I saw the lad limping away supported by one of his companions.—

—Well, said a plain dressed man, who passed me on horseback, it is very lucky for the fellow that he did break his leg!—
indeed,

indeed, added he, it would have been no matter if he had broke his neck for the good he does!—Ah, thought I, misery has little to expect at thy hand, whoever thou art, that, in its venerable presence, can't utter so cold, nay so cruel a sentiment.——

At this moment, a plain Quaker trotted along and neither turned his head to the right or the left.

——“ It is thy principle so to do, friend,—and I respect thee for it”——

—For my part, I love the Quakers!—they are certainly an harmless, and, I think, a conscientious set of people, who act in a manner more conformable to their own particular principles than any religious sect I know of.—I do not speak this from casual observation, as many do, who abuse and calumniate them, but from real experience and intimate knowledge

ledge of many among them whom I know,—and whom I hope to know as long as I live.—

—I now went to the man, who had fallen from the rope, to enquire concerning the accident:—and he told me, after thanking me for my kindness, that he owed this unlucky circumstance to the neglect of chalking the soles of his shoes;—but that he did not doubt of his being able to perform his usual exhibitions in the afternoon.—I was rejoiced to hear the man give this good account of himself,—and left him to the care of his companion who was now bathing his leg with opodeldoc.—

—I did not consider the man, in any other light, than as a fellow-creature.—His profession was forgotten the moment I saw him in distress.—Besides,—who knows but he might have been so educated for this mode of life,—that he
would

would not be able to get his bread in any other ;—and that the hurt of a limb would be, to him,—the loss of every means of subsistence.—

—As to his profession, if public shows and spectacles are necessary ;——If the minds of all people of all ranks should have some means of diverting them ;—if the circulation of money is increased, and other good and political purposes answered by public entertainments, these itinerant dispensers of them may not be so deserving of contempt as some good people have imagined.—

——If an objection should be made to their exhibitions,—that they consist of useless tricks,—idle feats of agility, indecent ribaldry, &c. I shall only observe that the Theatres are oftentimes liable to the same.—Besides, wherein doth the generality of professions consist, and what are the ordinary means of getting rich
in

in them,—but the art of tricking;—the playing upon the weakness of mankind; the encouragement of luxury and the change of idle and useless fashions.— And tho' in the exhibiting feats of agility there may be no great usefulness, there is, certainly, no deceit;—and if idle curiosity is alone excited, it is not associated with any malevolent passion.

—Thus, I am as well satisfied in having interested myself in the welfare of the tumbler, as if he had been a Minister of State; whose tricks, if ever he plays any, may not be quite so innocent!—

—In this manner was I satisfying myself,—and answering the objections of the unfeeling, with respect to this trifling act of courtesy which I had shewn the rope-dancer,—when I came to a spot, which, I trust, I shall never pass, tho' I
were

were to reach fourscore years of age, without much sensibility.—

—Some weeks have flown away since, in a morning's ride, upon this part of the Down I met a young party, which consisted of two ladies and as many gentlemen;—one of whom, by his dress, appeared to be a clergyman.—A boy followed them, at some small distance, carrying a basket.—I passed them at a place, which being marshy, the ladies found a difficulty in getting over.—This trifling circumstance occasioned some lively sallies of imagination which engaged my attention.—When they had surmounted this little obstruction,—they all laughed so heartily and seemed to be in such good humour, that I quite longed to be of the party. But not knowing them,—I was obliged to content myself with wishing them happy on their little expedition, whatever it might be,—and a safe return.—But
in

in the evening I heard, alas, that my wishes had been ineffectual.—A sad tale of misfortune was told me respecting this little groupe of social beings!—

—But it has been on every tongue!—Nay, I hope, in every heart!—I am sure it is, at this moment, in mine,—and I cannot dwell upon it,—

—It may appear to be very strange, but I had not gone ten yards farther before I saw another coffin;—at first I distrusted my sight;—but its silvered ornaments, which glittered in the sun, told me that my eyes had not deceived me.

—Why this is the throne of health, said I, and death seems to have taken post at every avenue of it!—While I was apostrophizing, the bearers of the coffin placed it under a tree, and sat themselves down upon it, and made merry over it.

—There

—There is a professional hardness of heart which, in some cases, is so necessary, that, tho' I would not possess it myself for a royal treasury, yet I cannot condemn it in others. There must be undertakers to bury the dead, and hangmen to fix the villain to the gibbet.—The laws must be enforced; and justice must have mirmidons to execute her judgments.—This is also a fore evil under the sun;—but so it is.—

As I passed by these people I discovered from their discourse, that this coffin was to contain the remains of the unfortunate clergyman, whom, but a few weeks before, I had seen near this very spot, in all the spirits which social joy can administer.

—I never, in my life, was less disposed to the pensive pleasures than in the earlier part of this day;—but they would not resign me:—this last circumstance

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stance

stance coming to their aid, they conquered and governed me through every succeeding hour of it.—And now that it is night,—their power still controuls me.—Under their influence,—I look at the taper which burns dimly before me,—and it preaches with most pathetic eloquence.—I open the window-shutter, and not a star is visible!—It is all darkness;—and the darkness preaches also.

——The day is past.—and life hastes away!—It is now the hour of night,—and I look forwards to the tomb!—The sun which this evening blazed on the distant mountain,—e'er it sets again, may glimmer upon my grave!——O Amanda!—thou art fair as the lilly!—the rose is in the blush of thy cheek;—and thy heart is the temple of virtue!——I saw thee on thy evening walk,—and my eye followed thee till thou wert lost.—That eye, Amanda, may see thee no more

more!—and e'er a few hasty days are passed away, the worm may riot on thy cheek,—and thy heart become a clod of the valley.

May Heaven have mercy upon us both!—I return again to my taper, and I behold it almost exhausted;—the flame begins to dance in the socket,—and will scarce light me to my chamber.——

——But I must have done!——



Lamp-Lighter's Hall.

AS I was taking my philosophical dish of tea, this afternoon, at this place I was much amused and delighted with the departure of a large Danish ship,

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which

which weighed anchor almost opposite the window where I sat,—and proceeded on her voyage.——The bustle, noise and hurry which this event occasioned,—the croud upon the shore, the mutual and various adieus which were wafted from the ship to the land, and from the land back again to the ship, were fine subjects for speculation.——E'er I left the place, the vessel was in *King-Road*,—it had hoisted some of its sails,—its gaudy ensign fluttered in the gale, and it seemed to win its easy way through the waters.

—My ride home, I trust, was not an unprofitable one;—and I am now at my writing table to give some account of it.—

Life is frequently compared to a voyage: and, I believe, the human fancy never produced an image, which better
illustrated

illustrated the idea it was intended to convey.—Every man, possessed of a reflecting mind, whose fortune leads him to the seas, must make the same observation every hour.—The storm, the fresh breeze, the equal gale and the calm, in all their various changes and successions, are but too lively pictures of what often passes in the human breast.—The prosperous and unsuccessful voyage,—the short and the tedious passage, the vessel battered by storms, and the fatal shipwreck are genuine representations of the various scenes of human life : and from the proud first rate man of war, that sails forth, as it were, to command the ocean which bears it,—to the humble wherry, which, in some small stream, conveys the nets of the fishermen to their prey,—they may all serve to illustrate the different stations, enterprises and avocations of the human race.—And further,—the launching the vessel, the

furnishing it with rigging, the filling its hollow caverns with merchandize,—the placing a pilot at the helm,—the setting sail upon the ocean and the arrival at the desired haven,——What are they, but the various stages of life,——the progress of man from the cradle to the grave.—The steady current of the trade winds, which wafts the vessel on in a pleasing state of progressive composure, is a fine image of that tranquility which we all, sometimes, enjoy ;—and the rolling waves which precede it, and the boisterous seas to which these breezes bear us, are emblems of those gusts of passion, which, tho' they may subside for a time, seldom suffer the bosom to forget their turbulent power.—The winds of the ocean, in their inconstancy and variety, are answered by the various and inconstant wishes of man.—When the sailor beholds the cloud descend to the sea to imbibe those waters which it will distil

distil in refreshing showers on the vallies of some island or continent, he turns his prow from it ;—but if he finds it difficult or impossible to avoid it, he levels his artillery at it, and by a timely precaution, prevents it from bursting over his vessel and sinking it in the deep.——

Does not the wise man act upon the same principles when any evil threatens him, and does he not use the same precaution, to preserve himself from the impending danger ?—

—I never recollect the melancholy loss of the *Victory* in the channel, who sunk, as it were, e'er it had sailed, but I think of an infant who is born but to scream and to die.——When I see a gallant yacht, gilt with gold and gay with streamers, sailing upon the smooth bosom of a summer's sea,—a lady of pleasure sweeps luring by me. A man of war returning home with a jury mast and

holes in her sides, shews me a brave officer lopped of his limbs and with a face scarred in the service of his country :— and a guard-ship, in my eye, is a veteran commander, whose hairs being grown grey in the service of his King, he is suffered to retreat to ease and competency ;—and, tho' sometimes consulted, he is never called forth to service but in emergencies of the most pressing nature.

—Thus could I proceed through every temper and station of man ;—thus could I enter into every little groupe, or larger community of them, and find their epitome on the ocean,——nay even for the fickleness of the human mind, I could find a resemblance in the sea, which, in the beautiful language of *Offian*, “ *Lifts its blue head to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm.*”

I wish this ship had been bound to the East, the land of metaphors,—as its destination

tion would have been an apology for this long and I fear tedious string of them:—but she is sailing to the North, and I have not a single scrap of runic poetry upon my memory to help me out.——If it had not been for the charming little image, in the last page, which I borrowed from the bards of *Caledonia*,—I would have torn this chapter out of my book.

—It is very imprudent to tamper with metaphors and images:—For tho' they, sometimes, give great force to sentiment, and elegance to composition, yet they are, also, very apt to dazzle the eyes of judgment, and to apply too much to the imagination.——Poetry seems to be the soil where these flowers should be scattered with the greater profusion.—In prose, plants of a more solid growth should be adopted;—and tho' a knot of the others may be allowed to give a little ornament
and

and variety, they should be but thinly scattered and disposed with the greatest care and most cautious arrangement.

—But what am I doing?—Or what star governs the night?—Surely the genius of fantasy has replenished my ink-horn!—for nothing but metaphor flows from my pen.—

—I pray you, my kind readers, not be angry,—but pity me.—

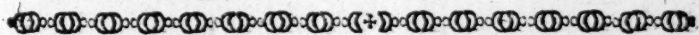
For we are gliding along the stream of time, and hastening to that ocean where our voyage will end!—I see many of you go boldly down the tide,—fanned by the gales of delight and listening to the song of pleasure:—Whilst I never quit the shore, but keep my little skiff near the banks, that I may sometimes sport in the creeks of the river, or hide myself from the storm in the caves
of

of the rock, or sleep beneath the bending osiers.—But despise me not!—

For the same stream bears us all on its bosom!—I see the ocean before me;—and am every hour employed in preparing my little bark to pass the gulph,——

——and reach the happy shore,
Where tempest never rage, nor billows roar!—

May we all reach it in peace!—Amen.



S U N D A Y.

AS a Philosopher and a friend to good order in all government, I must, without doubt, be highly satisfied, when I see, in any country, a due and proper attention

attention to the exercise of that religion which is established by the laws of it.—

—But as I am a christian, and well convinced that the worship of christians is exercised in Great-Britain with more purity than in any other country,— I am more particularly pleased, when its ordinances are observed with a due regard and respectful attention.

—It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure I have remarked in the many places of worship I have attended in this city,—that the congregations have been always numerous and often crowded;—and that a decency of behaviour has uniformly prevailed to their honour and my infinite satisfaction.—For I agree with Mr. ADDISON, that it is both pleasant and improving to behold, in a large city, numbers of people, on a Sunday dressed in their best cloaths, and with chearful countenances going to and returning from their

their respective places of public devotion :—but the spectacle, surely, is infinitely heightened when we see them engaged in it.

—And here I am naturally led to mention another observation which I have frequently made in favour of the inhabitants of *Bristol* ;——which is,——that when I have had occasion to pass through the streets of this city at a late hour of the night,——for a Philosopher does not confine his reflections to the day,——I never recollect to have been disturbed by any noise or riot ;——and that the Bacchanalian revells of midnight hours, which are so common in all other places, seem to be unknown in this peaceful city.—

—I have also observed an urbanity and good-humour in the inferior order of its inhabitants which justice obliges me
to

to acknowledge :—and I will give a very striking example of it.

—As I was fauntering along a narrow street, near St. James's Church-yard, a man, of a mean appearance, enquired of me the way to the broad Quay,—and while I was endeavouring to give him my imperfect directions, a cobbler who was sitting in an adjoining stall, laid down his last,—and told the man he would point it out to him ;—and, accordingly, having walked with him to the end of the street, he directed him on his way and returned hastily to his work.—I never was witness to an action of more civility in my life.—It was mere civility ;—for the man, who enquired his way, had not the least appearance of being able to bestow a gratuity for the information, nor did the cobbler require one ;—for, having given the necessary directions, he returned hastily to his stall and renewed his work, as if he knew the
the

the value of his time too well to loiter any part of it away, and yet did not grudge a small portion of it to do a fellow-creature service.—A Philosopher is seldom rich:—it was not, therefore, in my power to reward this good man as I wished;—but I did my best, for as a Philosopher sometimes wants shoes, I ordered him to make me a couple of pair,——and told him my reason for it.——

—This civil and proper demeanor not only confers honour upon the lower class of people in *Bristol*,—but it also proves the attentive and correct conduct of the clergy,—the vigilancy of the magistracy,—the grave deportment of the eminent and the wealthy,—and the industry of all.——For wherever idleness prevails,—there rudeness and riot and crimes will predominate.——The devil, says the Spanish Proverb, tempts all men,—but the idle man tempts the devil.——

When,

When, therefore, all ranks of men unite, according to their respective characters, in a due exercise of their talents and a diligent pursuit of their various avocations, a love of order will necessarily arise in such a community,—and actuate every part of it.

—I cannot but think that the happiness of this world, and the next are nearly connected together;—and that religion conducts us to them both.—— Much, therefore, depends upon that order of men who are appointed to teach its duties, to explain its doctrines and to prove its excellence and efficacy by their own example.—And tho', in the performance of these sacred offices, a great deal rests upon them,—something also, depends upon us in our regard and attention to it.

—The character itself is sacred and therefore highly respectable,—and cannot

not be intrinsically disgraced by the inattention or crime of the person who professes it.——Now there is not any thing which tends more to lessen a respect for religion in ourselves,—and to check the good effects of it in our inferiors,—than by discovering an open disregard of those who are appointed to teach the duties of it.—

Whenever I hear any one condemn the whole body of the clergy, as it were, in a breath, because there may have been many of that order who have been a dishonour to it; I immediately take the opposite side of the question and give them as universal applause;—because, from among them, a long catalogue of illustrious men might be produced, who have been truly eminent for steady virtue, shining talents, consummate learning and unfeigned piety.——We may, both of us, be in an error;—but if ever I am compelled to erect myself

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into a judge of my fellow-mortals,—I will endeavour to exercise the more amiable part of my jurisdiction, and frame my decrees,—not with harshness and rigour,—but with lenity and benevolence.—

Shallow-sighted men who love to cavil at what they do not understand,—and have no other foundation for their shadowy fabric of knowledge but the ignorance of men more ignorant than themselves;—these gentry, not having acquired a sufficient degree of discernment to distinguish between the abuses of things and the things themselves, presume to call religion to their tribunal;—and having been told that it has been applied to bad purposes, without knowing or considering that its misapplication was the work of bad men, they pass their sentence of condemnation upon it:—and having just sense enough to discover that all the clergy are not angels,—

angels,—they triumphantly pronounce the whole race of them to be devils.—

—Alas,—my good friends!—whoever you may be,—let me ask you one serious question.—If mankind were to judge of the human understanding by the use which you make of yours,—what would they think of it?—

—I really respect the character of a clergyman:—and even when I see any one who appears to be careless about supporting it with proper dignity,—still I respect the character tho' I pity the man.—On such an occasion, I always feel the same kind of sentiment as takes possession of my mind, when I see a church made subservient to the common uses of life, and no longer sacred to the sublime offices of piety and devotion.

—Whenever we attend divine service where it happens to be performed with

coldness and neglect,—the disrespect which the clergyman discovers towards his duty should never be encouraged by any concomitant inattention in us;—but, on the contrary, we should endeavour, by every possible precaution, to hinder others from noticing it, by not appearing to take the least public notice of it ourselves.—To hide the defects of others is ever amiable;—but in this instance it would be universally beneficial!—

—I happened, a few Sundays ago, to meet Amanda who had just been at church;—and returning with her,—the public disapprobation which some people discover when they are displeased with the manner in which the clergyman performs his duty, became the subject of our conversation ——— I shall not presume to repeat my observations, when I am so fortunate as to recollect what Amanda said upon it;—who, whenever
I have

I have heard her converse, always says the very thing she ought.

I make it a rule, said she, however my ear may be hurt by the discordant manner in which the clergyman may read the liturgy,—or my judgment be offended by the subject of his discourse or the manner of his treating it,——and my honour for religion be wounded by his inattention to the duties of his sacred office,—I keep these effects to myself——In the latter instance, indeed, added she, I am afraid the most benevolent mind cannot attempt even a justification, but, surely, in the two former, something, nay much may be said in their behalf.——We should consider that many gentlemen are, I may say, forced, as it were, into the profession against their own inclinations;—some are obliged to have recourse to it from necessity;—and all are, too generally taught, from their earliest destination to

it, to look towards its emoluments instead of its duties.——The study of Theology, even from the imperfect notions a woman can form of it, seems to require great attention in the pursuit and much time in the acquisition of it.——To be eloquent is not in the power of many, and where men possess the necessary powers, a long and painful perseverance can alone bring them to any great degree of perfection.——Besides a man, whose business it is to discover the secret sources of human actions,—to convince the judgment,—to awaken the passions, to confirm the doubting, to encourage the diffident, and to check the presumptuous should be well acquainted with the human heart.—And notwithstanding the importance and difficulty of this profession,—I have been told that in four years occasional attendance upon the University,—and after an examination of as many minutes, a young man of three and twenty years of age is admitted into
holy

holy orders;——and by entering upon the evangelical function, takes upon him the charge of preaching the gospel, explaining its truths and enforcing the practice of them;——of resolving the doubts of the ingenious sceptic,——and defending it against the attacks of the veteran infidel.—So that she was pleased to add,—the outcry of a general insufficiency in the clergy, if it should be true, which, however, I do not believe,——does not so immediately arise from themselves, as from the inattention of the superior powers to a due and wise regulation of their sacred order.

—I was charmed with Amanda!——and cannot but think what a disgrace it is to the young men of this age that she should not be doing that honour to a married life, which she confers upon the virgin state.——But whenever that event approaches,—I shall consider the clergy as the most ungrateful beings in

the world, if, after this admirable defence of their profession,—there is not an anxious contest among them, who shall enjoy the honour of bestowing upon her the nuptial benediction.



The PHILOSOPHER.

TO men whose turn of mind or situation, in life does not lead them to speculative employments, it may afford matter of great wonder, that those things which many favour and pursue with the highest degree of regard and attention, should be neglected and considered, by others, as of a very inferior nature. —But this enigma will be easily explained when we consider that not only men, in general, differ from each other, but, also, that no two characters can be more opposite

opposite than the same man is, at different times, to himself.—There are the hot and the cold fits of the mind, the hour of pride and of doubt, and the time of error and of judgment.—The reflection that these are inevitable, is sufficient to repress confidence, 'till the mind, long accustomed to survey things with a philosophic and unprejudiced eye, has brought itself to be guided by the unerring principles of truth.

———— I confess and acknowledge the real utility of the mechanical and trading employments of life.—But tho' they may be pursued with a great degree of reputation,—the higher species of applause and admiration will ever follow intellectual acquisitions, in the same proportion as the operations of the mind are superior to the powers of the body,—as intellectual to animal nature.

—The

—The philosophical or contemplative character having his mind continually directed to the sublime views of human comprehension, cannot bring it down to the level of those moderate capacities, which are best adapted to the less refined pursuits of men, and have, generally, the greatest success in them.

When he considers man as consisting of a corporeal and spiritual nature,—in order to investigate them with accuracy and form a distinct analysis of their constituent parts, he must take an attentive view of their respective powers from the lowest exertion of mechanical strength, through every region of sense, to the highest efforts of intellectual nature.—For this purpose, every station of varied man, must, at times, be the object of his speculation.—He attends the labourer at his toil,—the mechanic at his engine,—the tradesman behind his counter, and the merchant in his ware-house.—From
thence

thence he proceeds, by a regular ascent, through, what are called the more learned and abstruse professions, 'till he arrives at the last step of his enquiry,—the man who is engaged in the practice of true philosophy.—In this attentive progress through human nature, he watches every passion, carefully observes it in all its different modifications in the same and different men or professions of men; follows it through all its mazes, 'till it arrives at compleat victory in some breasts, and, in others,—receives an entire overthrow.

—In forming this arrangement of the different characters and situations of life, he discovers them to be but so many links of the great chain of social happiness,——'though he cannot but observe, at the same time, that there seems to be a natural gradation towards mental excellence, according to the distance from the hardness of ignorance or the power of sordid appetite.—The lower classes of
life

life appear to him to be chiefly under the influence of the former,—while the next in degree are governed by the united powers of both ; where the appetite leads to one point only, and ignorance stupifies and deadens its sense or desires in every other :—and so on.—Thus the human character makes its slow progress, refining itself by degrees,—till it rises to its highest state of intellectual perfection.

The utility which springs from the hard labours of the more indigent ranks of men is so obvious, that mankind seem to assent to it, as it were, by a natural impulse ; without suffering it to rest upon the mind as an object of speculation.—The improvements which are daily made in the mechanical arts, however useful they may be, fall within the knowledge and judgment of a very few.—They, who by study or profession have been taught to comprehend the general system of national policy in a commercial
nation,

nation, will consider the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer and the retail tradesman in a light of respect, which, however truly they may deserve it, is familiar but to themselves.—And when the seas are covered with British sails, the idea of a British merchant rises very high in the mind of every man, who turns a political eye to such a glorious prospect.

——But learning and the endowments of the mind alone, are now, have ever been, and will for ever be the objects of universal honour and admiration.——

Fame, when she beholds those who possess them, claps her wings for joy,—and claiming them as her own peculiar care, consigns them to an higher immortality, than she ever deigns to bestow on the greatest Kings and bravest heroes.—The truly learned, however low their situation, supersede all rank ;—and mankind are so disposed to do them honour, and so eager in being admitted to their society and friendship, that titles look at them

them with envy, and sigh to think that
name and fortune alone, however great,
will not raise them to such real dignity.—
The veneration for learning and learned
men has checked the destruction of war,
*——stoppest the pillage of a victorious
army§—and softened the obdurate heart
of the savage freebooter.†

—It

* *The great Emanthian Conqueror bid
spare*

*The House of Pindarus,—when Temple
and Tower*

Went to the Ground.——MILTON.—

§ *It is well known that the Duke of
Marlborough forbid his soldiers to ravage
the territory of Fenelon, the learned Arch-
bishop of Cambray.*—

† *We read in the life of Tasso, that this
celebrated Poet being on a journey, in com-
pany*

—It may perhaps be observed,—for it is a common observation, that however shining and splendid the character of the philosopher may appear, when dressed in the robe of pleasing Theory, dis-mantle him by practice, and his usefulness to society vanishes, in a moment, on a comparison with many of the less refined and ordinary employments of the world.—Whoever makes this specious observation, is not acquainted with mine
or,

pany with a large Caravan of merchants; they thought it necessary to halt in a small town, till they could procure a guard to protect them from a troop of Banditti who infested those parts.—and were then known to be in the neighbourhood.—But the Captain of the robbers hearing, by some means, that Tasso was in the Caravan, sent a message, that out of respect to him they should pass unmolested.—And he immediately withdrew, with his followers, to the mountains.

or, perhaps, any just idea of philosophy.
—I will therefore take the liberty of giving a slight sketch of that character whom I dignify with the title of philosopher.

—He is one who, from a severe and patient study of the human heart, is become well acquainted with the nature, faculties and end of man.—And having dispossessed his mind of prejudice, and obtained a due mastery over passion, is, thereby, well qualified to instruct and amend his fellow-creatures;—whom he loves sincerely,—whose failings he pities, and whose wants he alleviates.—The object of his life and his instruction being moral excellence, he uses no means to succeed but such as are consistent with it, and, indeed, partake of it.—He never flatters any passion,—indulges any appetite,—plays upon any weakness, or uses any stratagem to attain his end:—but, with real modesty,—unfeigned sincerity, and

and experimental knowledge, displays the loveliness of virtue, proves that it may be sufficiently attained by every man, in every station, who will perform the duties of it with integrity and moderation: and, in order to give an awful and divine sanction to the practice of virtue, he leads his disciples to its fountain and first cause in God himself;—whose all-seeing eye penetrates into the secrets of every heart, and who will assign rewards and punishments, in a future world, according to the virtue or demerits of men in this.—Tho' the life of this man will not be big with those empty exploits, which, catching a momentary brilliance, find a momentary acclamation,—yet proceeding in one constant, equal tenor of real, humble and active virtue, he will obtain every applause, and, indeed, more than he desires, among men; while his eye looks towards heaven, being assured of receiving, from thence, a more glorious recompence.—

compence.———He is like a stream, whose smooth and equal current, never ruffled by storms nor swelled by rains, reflects the fair face of nature and heaven in its chrystal bosom: and having given fertility and beauty to the long extent of meadows, through which it flows meandering, widens at length;—and, continuing to encrease in grandeur, mingles at last with the waves of the ocean.

If the most reasonable happiness springs from a tender and moderate tranquility of the mind,——undisturbed by the intrusions of sense or the turbulence of passion,—the philosopher may be said to approach nearer to the attainment of it, than any other character in life.—And if the happiness which a man bears with him in his own breast, be more excellent than that which arises from external circumstances,—the philosopher still maintains the superiority.——Pride is in a state of real misery, if the eyes of mankind

kind do not look upon its greatness.—

The wealthy are poor if the world does not know of their riches;—but the philosopher, sitting upon his grass plot or reclined upon his bank of flowers,—or wreathing his arms in a pensive fold, as he takes his walk along some shady valley,—feels a dignity throughout his nature,—tho' no acclamations vibrate on his ear,—and the stars alone bear witness to his virtuous exultation.

“ Were Angels, says Mr. ADDISON, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our species would draw up. We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning and the noise of victories: They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. The evening's walk of a wise man is more

illustrious, in their sight, than the march of a General at the head of an hundred thousand men.—A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and an unfeigned exercise of humility only denominate men great and glorious.”

The worldly drudgeries and pursuits of the busy race of men must be followed with a most unremitted and slavish attention, if they entirely absorb and overwhelm the intellectual powers.—For the soul, tho' she may be heavily encumbered with passion and sense, makes frequent struggles for liberty.—And tho' the man of business, amid the cares and hurries of his profession, may not know it;—yet, whenever he looks forward, which he will sometimes do with pleasure, to ease and retirement, then the soul is striving to shake off the load beneath which she groans, and to acquire her legal dominion over him.

If

If human nature is capable of improving itself and ascending higher in the scale of perfection, we may venture to assert, that the mind, which, by its disengagement from sordid pursuits and worldly concerns, is best enabled to contemplate the most perfect object.—may be said to have attained the highest degree of it.—Besides,—if the happiness and perfection of an immortal state, as we have every reason to believe, be spiritual,—the cultivation of our intellectual powers will lead us to the greatest possible resemblance of that perfection ;—and thereby, produce the highest attainments of our mortal nature.—

—All orders of men may be useful,—may be virtuous !—and when they are so, I most sincerely respect them.—But after all,—I bless heaven—
That am a philosopher.

The

The Philosopher.

IT is the declaration of a very eminent character among the ancients, that the pleasure he received from the praises of all the best and most illustrious of his fellow citizens and countrymen, had been much diminished by the public disapprobation of an individual Plebeian.—

To aim at universal applause is, I hope, to aim at universal merit: but, after all, the attempt is vain and fruitless:—for while there are bad men in the world, the good will meet with opposition;—while vice has a place in the human heart, merit will be followed by the persecutions of envy; and while ignorance and prejudice prevail, the benevolent designs of the moralist and the philosopher will be liable to the most idle perversions

perversions and the most contradictory misinterpretations.—To deserve the praise of all men by a life of strict integrity, disinterested benevolence, and uncorrupted virtue, may be the lot of many :—but, in this world, to deserve, is not always to obtain ; and he who rests his happiness upon the acquisition of an universal, lasting applause, discovers a weakness of mind and an ignorance of human nature, which proves the trifling claim he has to the least share of it.—How often does popular fame arise from the most trivial and shadowy exploits ; which, catching a little glare and splendor from casual circumstances and events, or coinciding with the reigning prejudice of the vulgar, receive the acclamations of a day, and are forgotten.—It is the babbling tell-tale of human infirmity ; and he who is a slave to it, is bound by chains, whose form and shape are hourly changed by the caprice and inconstancy of the giddy multitude.—The man who aspires to the
praise

praise of the good and virtuous, as the first of all human honours, whatever may be his situation and employment in life, is engaged in the right exercise of those talents with which he has been favoured by a benignant providence.—As for myself,—I do not commit, I trust, a single thought to my paper without some view of this nature:—and there will not be a page in this book, however trifling and insignificant it may appear, but will be written with the hopes of its being honoured with the applausive smile,—or bedewed with the sympathizing tear of some favourite character.—It is this pleasing idea which has so often prolonged my midnight vigils,—and fixed me, as it were, to my writing-table 'till the blushing Horizon warned me to my repose.—

——Yes, my Honorius, the wish to deserve thy praise is an ambition which tells me I am worthy of it!—and when my pen is busy in defending the rights of
my

my fellow-creatures,—in opposing the strides of vice and immorality,—or is, in any manner engaged in the cause and service of virtue, then, my friend, I look to thee;—and govern myself by those rules and precepts which will secure me your approbation;—and having obtained it, the judgement of those who resemble you, will associate itself with yours. —Animated with the support of such an honourable and steady phalanx,——and conscious of the testimony which they will bear to me and my works,——the loud laugh of folly,—the low abuse of ignorance, and the taunting scoff of envy will never reach me.

—And when I dwell upon the miseries of life, or lament the sorrows of calamitous virtue;—when some tender tale of distress calls upon my feeble pen for description,—If my Amanda should heave a sigh, if the brightest eye should drop a tear!—if thy heart, thou most lovely of thy sex, and hearts like thine, should
be

be affected by my story!—If I could; but for a moment, possess those keys which unlock that sacred treasury of virtuous and tender sentiments;—Oh heavens!—how little should I envy the most celebrated names!—with Amanda's praise, my fame would be complete,—and my ambition would be without a wish:—while heroes might possess their renown, and monarchs their greatness unenvied;—nay pitied, by me.—

—It was last Wednesday evening, when I was sauntering through the beautiful fields which surround and adorn the village of *Ashton*, and revolving these thoughts in my mind, that I accidentally met *Eugenius*,—who very obligingly proposed to take his evening walk with me.—Our conversation immediately took its rise from the subject of my contemplation,—and we were about to consider the nature of fame, the true means of attaining it, and the interests of particular persons in the pursuit and enjoyment

ment of it;—when we were interrupted by a very loud repetition of the two following lines :

Say shall I then to future times pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and
friend !

—I turned round to see from whence the voice proceeded, when I beheld Honorius coming towards us,—with Honoria leaning upon his arm.——My good fortune, for I ever think that prevails when I meet them, had directed this amiable pair into the same field with myself.——I am afraid, said Honoria, as we drew near to each other, that you did not hear the fine, romantic exclamation which broke forth from your friend, and was particularly addressed to you: upon my word, my dear Madam, I did;—and I thank him for it:—but tho' I have not a sufficient degree of vanity to claim the two former characters which he has,
merrily,

merrily, applied to me;—yet in justice to the sincerity and affections of my heart, I must declare, that no one has a better right to the latter than myself.—And if my name, should, perchance, outlive me;—if it should be permitted to travel a few years among posterity,—I do not wish to be known under a better title or character than the friend of Honorius.—I shall be more than satisfied with the light which may be reflected upon me from his luminous virtue; which, as it has irradiated his own times, will, I doubt not, continue its brightness to future ages.—Indeed, said Eugenius hastily,—fame was the subject of our conversation when Honorius so kindly appeared as an example of one who possesses it without a blemish.—And what can add so much to the satisfaction of this evening as his indulging us with his sentiments upon it?—I mean as to the nature of fame,—the best means of attaining it,—and how to derive a genuine

ine satisfaction from it.——Indeed, said Honoria, I must beg leave to interfere in this business.——We were invited forth by the charms and beauties of the evening,—and I do beseech you to wave a conversation which will blind your eyes to them all.—When we are returned home, I shall be glad to be a silent partaker of the knowledge and improvement which will flow from your enquiry;—but, at present, do, I pray you, let your eyes dwell upon the verdure of these meadows, the stately trees that adorn them,—the richness of their foliage and their venerable antiquity.—Behold those stupendous rocks cloathed in the rough livery of nature, while the setting sun sheds its last rays upon their cragged points!——The Nightingale too comes to aid me in my purpose,—and woos you to turn your attention from the voice of fame, and to listen to her more harmonious song.——It is, at all events, necessary to my happiness, said Honorius, that

that I should think this fair lady ever in the right :—but I have not any occasion, thank heaven, to call fancy to my assistance in this disposition,—for, it is my boast that she is so: and to such an indolent being as I am, added he, you cannot conceive how much pain, doubt and solicitude she saves my heart by taking upon herself the trouble of directing it. —I no longer guide the vessel ;—I have consigned the helm to her care, and since she has governed it, I have not been led into any one of those many errors, nor blown away by any of those gusts of passion and folly, which used so continually to prevail in my early life.—Ah! replied Honoria, shaking her head and half smiling at the same time,—the little merit which I possess, arises from my being acquainted with your dispositions, and having a real knowledge of your character ; the study whereof I have considered as my first duty,—and experienced as my greatest happiness.—Thus,
my

my Honorius, I have learned to know what, in almost every circumstance of life, you would wish to have, or to do, and I take care, as much as possible, to anticipate your wishes.—And when, from the easiness of your temper, you are upon the very brink of doing something which I know, in the end, will prove unpleasant and disagreeable to you; —I step in, present you with a view of the consequences sketched by myself, —and after you have examined it with due attention, —I remain satisfied with your determination whatever it may be. —This is the real truth of the matter; —I never guide nor direct Honorius; —it would be walking out of the line whereby I have always wished to circumscribe my conduct as a wife, to attempt it:—but, if from my perfect knowledge of his character, I can induce him to do any thing without the trouble of thought and reasoning, which, I am certain, would be the result of both, I cannot be
accused

accused of assuming a province which does not belong to me :—on the contrary, I am in the actual discharge of my duty, by endeavouring to lessen the cares of that being, to whom I owe my best affections and most tender regards.—Thus by knowing, I hope that I may say, at all times, what are his wishes, and what would be his commands, I use my utmost endeavours to prevent him from declaring either the one or the other by an anticipating accommodation to them both.—She now rested her hand within her husband's arm, and he, pressing it to his side, cast a look of virtuous triumph at me, which, while it marked his own happiness, bore, in every gleam of it, an universal wish for the happiness of others.

—Within these few minutes, Madam, said I, you called my attention to the inanimate beauties of nature :—but you have now given me such a picture of its intellectual

intellectual charms, that the setting sun seems to lose all its glow, and these objects around me appear little on the comparison.

—We soon drew near to the Ferry; and, the boat being ready to receive us, we were quickly landed on the other side of the river, and proceeded immediately to Honorius's lodgings.—Now, my good friends, said Honoria, as she untied her cloak,—you will not, I assure you, receive any further interruption from me.—I may not, indeed, be quite free from my usual impertinence, but your candour must excuse it.—For if I do not understand you, I shall, most assuredly take the liberty of desiring you to be intelligable.

—We all smiled at this little stroke of vivacity,—and entered at once upon the subject which had been proposed for our evening's conversation.—

H

The

The Conversation.

Eugenius. I Mean to apply for certain information, Honorius, when I have recourse to you upon the subject of fame:—You have fought it, you have acquired, and now possess it.—In my general reflections upon this matter I have often thought that it was not worth the pursuit: and when I had calmly considered the characters and lives of those men who have possessed the greatest share of it,—all its allurements vanished in a moment,—and I beheld my own obscurity with real delight and satisfaction.—But when I reflect upon the fair reputation which my friend enjoys, when I behold it raised upon the broad base of virtue, when I see no unfriendly passion indulged in the pursuit of it,—no vanity attend its first attainment, and no false pride mingle with the continued and uninterrupted possession of it:—When
I behold

I behold your works admired by youth, applauded by manhood, and approved even by old-age; I feel a sudden emulative desire spring up in my mind to pursue and attain it.—For tho' it is not my particular wish or ambition to enjoy its public honours, yet I ardently desire to bear about me the consciousness of deserving them.

Honorius. I know, my friend, that you love me too well to flatter me:—but you have thrown a lustre around my character that I never felt; and which dwells alone, I believe, in your partial affection.—If I possess any small share of fame,—it must have been acquired by other means than those which are generally exercised in this pursuit. I have never flattered the Goddess;—I have never placed any adulatory offerings upon her altar;—but by enlisting my talents in the cause of virtue and humanity, I was resolved, in my humble sphere of

H 2
life,

life, to obtain the favourable opinion and kind regards of good and virtuous men.—My cause has been, if I have fulfilled my own designs, the cause of truth.—To lead my fellow-creatures to the knowledge of this great and important object, by displaying its charms and beauties, has been the honest aim of my life and writings.

—There is no situation in this world which raises a man to such a high degree of elevation with himself, as when he is employed in the investigation of truth.—He is then engaged in a cause which, disdaining Sophistry and Quibble,—requires no aid but from his own unbiassed reason, and wherein he can have no enemies but such as a wise person would not wish to rank among his friends;—the enemies of truth.—

—The man who by his writings or his eloquence dispels the mists of error,
—cecke

—checks the torrent of passion, and opposes with dauntless courage the efforts of vice, is the most illustrious among the children of men.—He is, as it were, a sun to the moral world, by dissipating those clouds which obscure its charms,—and bringing it forth with new and commanding beauty. In this career, he is superior to every attack with which envy and malevolence may endeavour to annoy him. He derives his merit with himself,—with others, and with heaven, from his steady and unwavering progress in his just and useful enquiries.—If in the course of them, it is necessary to condemn the vicious, he condemns them without fear.—If the sordid and uncharitable character comes within the circle of his observation, he spares him not;—he marks him for the contempt and wretchedness which he deserves, nor dreads his anger or his revenge.—And when they who feel his scourge and smart beneath its lash, revolt against his

power, and load him with falsehood and opprobrium,——he pities and forgives them.——Conscious of his own integrity, he is superior to the most inveterate malice,——and feels himself, as it were, in the situation of Rome's victorious heroes, who crowned with honour and renown, regarded not, with the most transient attention, the satires and invectives which envy and malevolence were at liberty to utter on the day of triumph.—Altho' it is his duty to censure those errors which Truth holds forth to punishment,—yet he loves to turn from the dreary scene of human frailty, where verdure never quickens nor flowerets grow, to the fair and lovely prospect of Virtue, where his eye may dwell on luxuriant beauty, and all is praise and admiration.—But while he is compelled to expose general villainy, while he paints in the most bold and lively colours the pernicious effects and woeful consequences of excessive passions, he disdains personal reflections.—

It

It is not his province to mark particular characters with ignominy :—He accuses the vice at large, and leaves its particular votaries to accuse themselves.—He is the enemy of no man !—He loves all men !—and will be loved by all but the foes of truth.

—This character, my Eugenius, will possess the most desirable reputation.—because the praise which it will receive from others will be confirmed by his own heart.—The fame of Heroes and of Conquerors,—of those men at whose names the world turned pale,—tho' it may have reached the limits of the habitable globe, vanishes into nothing, in the eye of wisdom, on a comparison with his.—What are the triumphs of the greatest of them, but the triumphs of sorrow, of tears and of death ?—The mournful triumphs of the human passions ; which have left no traces behind them but the tyranny of the victor and the slavery of

of the vanquished.—What man, who boasts the feelings of humanity, would wish to bear on his brows the wreath of victory, which is wet with the blood of slaughtered thousands?—Or what pleasure can be derived from those acclamations, whose pauses are filled up with the groans and cries of widows and of orphans?—But where is the honest bosom that would not burn with ardour to acquire the reputation of that man, who pursues truth with a desire to instruct and reform mankind, to defeat the purposes of vice, and to strengthen the cause of virtue.—The good and the wise will love and respect him;—the vicious themselves dare not openly to insult him;—his own conscience impresses the stamp of honour upon his actions, and heaven approves the deed.

—An honest fame, my friend, is the best reward this world possesses to bestow on virtue :—for it not only gives honour
to

to life, and administers the most healing consolations to the sorrows of it,—but even extends its influence when life is no more.——It does not, like other earthly possessions, die with us! —It lives when we are in the tomb,—it hovers over our graves,—it mingles with our dust, and calls on the passenger to reverence the remains of the virtuous, and to imitate their bright example.—And here I cannot but acknowledge, though some, perhaps, may think it a weakness, that in the progress of those labours which I have given to the world, and that generous ardour after a well-earned fame, which oftentimes gave me strength and aided my flagging resolution,—I was not so insensible to human glory, as not, sometimes, to wish that my name might be enrolled with those who will never die:—and the hope that in future times there might be some who, while they read my page, would
 wish

wish to have known the author of it, has animated me to perseverance.

—Fame, as it is, in general, understood by the world, is obtained without difficulty.—Flatter the vices of the vicious, and they will applaud.—Rashness, by assuming the title and character of courage will acquire it ;—and Profusion, by taking upon itself the name and appearance of generosity, will be able to collect its croud of followers, and bribe the venal voices of the vulgar into huzzas and acclamation.—But these are short-lived honours, which perish even in their enjoyment ;—if it can be called enjoyment, when the heart contradicts the prostituted approbation.

—That desire of praise, which breaks in upon the pleasures of the self-approving hour, believe me, my Eugenius, is weak or excessive.——When it interests

rests the passions, ruffles the temper, or disturbs the reason, mistrust and oppose its influence; but when, on cool reflection and patient examination, it accords with the peace and comfort of the mind, cherish and support it.—It is then the friend to virtue, and the parent of happiness.—It then becomes that animating, incentive with which Heaven kindly inspires us to guide and bring us to itself.

—But I am wandering, I fear, into tedious declamation, and must have done.—

Eugenius. I can answer for myself, Honorius, and I believe for the whole of your little audience, that you would not have harangued them into impatience, if you had continued your excellent and improving observations to the hour of midnight.——As for our philosopher here, you have charmed him
into

into an admiration, which he sufficiently discovers by his expressive looks, or more expressive silence..

Philosopher. That I am pleased and delighted with the sentiments which our friend has been so kind as to deliver to us, I most heartily acknowledge:—but, however vain it may appear, I must beg leave to declare, because it is the truth, that they have long been my own:—tho' I fear, if it had been my lot to have given my thoughts upon the subject,—I should not have reached his strength of language, or elegance of expression:—And I am sure that he is but ill-prepared to deliver his observations to the world, who is unwilling to adopt the sentiments of Honorius.—The work of an author is his child—his offspring; and having nursed it with parental fondness, he may be naturally supposed to regard it with some degree of partiality.—If, therefore, he has
not

not considered the consequences of exposing it to the world, and fortified his mind against the most unpleasant of them,—his inattentive and hasty procedure will be attended with much chagrin and mortification.—If he writes to instruct, reform, or even to amuse mankind, his work, partaking of human frailty, whatever may be its general excellence, must have many imperfections;—and there never will be wanting some, whose interest it will be to intrench their power in the midst of them, and raise a battery of violent opposition.—But even if I was to be visionary for a moment, and give that perfection to a work which no human work ever possessed,—envy may, nay will scoff at it,—and ignorance, against whose attacks the first merit cannot be always protected, may misrepresent it:—and if this is not considered, nay, in some measure, expected previous to the hour of publication, the poor, inglorious author will
reap

reap a plentiful harvest of mortification and disappointment.

Eug.—You appear, my good friend, —to speak with some degree of feeling upon this subject;—and if I was not well acquainted with your character and disposition,—I should imagine that the intelligence you received from me yesterday concerning your late production, had forced this last observation from you.——What say you?—— Have I touched your authorship in a tender place?——

Philos.——You chuse to be jocular, Eugenius,—and I am ever entertained with the lively sallies of your imagination.—But you know me better than to believe, that I am to be affected by the trifles of this world; and especially in the business to which you now offer your very laughable allusions.—But as you made a cursory mention of your intelligence,

intelligence, which was the cause of so much merriment and good humour between us last night, it will be proper to give Honorius the history of it, that he may not be in the dark in an affair of such mighty importance.

You must know then, that Eugenius being yesterday at dinner in *Bristol*,—the little volume, which I lately presented to the inhabitants of that city, became the subject of conversation;—and the history which he gave me of it, is sufficient to raise a fabric of vain-glory which would satisfy a far more ambitious author than I am.—The majority of the company, it seems, were pleased to honour this little book with their warmest applause; while some of them declared they did not relish that species of writing;—and the rest, who I think you flattered me, Eugenius, by declaring, were few in number, seemed to think it an illiberal work;—as it appeared to
be

be very severe upon the trading professions, in one of the first trading cities in Europe.—This I believe is the fact as, with much good humour, it was stated to me :—and these are the observations which, with equal good-humour, I shall make upon it to you.

—To those who bore such an honourable testimony to my good intentions, as to favour me with their applause, I return my best acknowledgements.—As for the good kind of people, who have not a taste for that kind of writing, I know many who would consider them as objects of compassion ; but as I am not acquainted with the grounds of this deficiency in their judgement, if it be one,—I shall hold my peace.—But as for you, my good friends, who think me guilty of illiberality, if your opinion proceeds from ignorance, I pity you ;—and if it should arise from the force and power of my observations, which come
so

so home to your business and bosoms, that you kick against the truth of them,—then I forgive you;—but upon this condition—that you forgive yourselves: and if you will endeavour to banish your sordid dispositions, and encourage sentiments of benevolence and liberality,—the time is at hand when you will no longer think me illiberal,—when you will love and respect me.—But how can I with justice be accused of being illiberal, when I plead the cause of humanity;—when I endeavour to open the heart to the most amiable impressions of charity and loving-kindness?—— This cannot be!—and the illiberal spirit, I believe, will not be found in my book,—but in the accusers of it.

—It is, I believe, universally acknowledged, that there is not a more effectual method of painting the beauty of any particular virtue, than by contrasting it with the nature, character and

I

effects

effects of the contrary vice.—To support this position I could produce the most powerful authorities, not only from the best writers in all languages,—but from the sacred and inspired writings of the Holy Scriptures.—A mere nominal description of any individual virtue, without bringing it forward to the view, by some dark shades of opposite qualities, would have the same effect upon the mind, as Chinese paintings produce upon the eye:—for whatever brightness their colours may boast, the designs, being destitute of perspective and without those effects which arise from a proper distribution of light and shadow, they are seldom applied but to adorn a fire-screen, or as the light, gaudy ornaments of a lady's dressing room; and are never admitted into the repositories of the curious, or suffered to appear in the gallery of the Man of Taste.

—In

——In supporting the cause of humanity I designed to mark the enemies of it, in opposition to that fair and lovely character which is its ornament and its perfection.——In this necessary part of my undertaking I spoke in the most general terms,—and under the most general descriptions.—When I mentioned the Man of Trade, the Man of Gain, and the Man of Merchandize, I wished to expose the sordid narrow soul,—not as belonging to any person, place or station, but in whomsoever or wheresoever it might be found, or to whatever station it might be associated.—

But let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play !——

——“ You that have free souls, it touches
“ not you, let the gall'd jade wince, your
“ withers are unwrung !”

—Wherefore do I applaud the good, but that their bosoms may re-echo the applause!—and wherefore should I condemn the vicious, but that their hearts may aid the condemnation!—This is the duty of every moral writer:—and to crown it with success is his happiness and his fame.

—If there should be any sordid characters, who are affected by my observations,—I rejoice that my pen is arm'd with powers to support the cause of virtue.—May they feel its reproofs to the reformation of their hearts.—And if I should be the means of extracting one single penny from that purse which has never yet been opened for the relief of indigence and distress, I shall not have written in vain.

Does any one reproach thee, says the Grecian philosopher, for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant

rant or detracting, and I will add, mean or fordid; consider within thyself whether his reproaches are true.—If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being; and, perhaps, loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appearest to be.—If his reproaches are true;—if thou art the envious, ill-natured, fordid man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn:—become mild, affable and obliging; and his reproaches naturally cease;—but if even they should continue, thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

———Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean
her,

When such a one as she, such is her
neighbour ?

Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking, that I mean him, but therein
suits

His folly to the metal of my speech ?

There then ; how then ? what then ? let
me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do
him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself : if he be
free,

Why, then, my taxing, like a wild-goose,
flies

Unclaim'd of any man.

As you like it.

The respectable merchant is one of
the most respectable characters of the
British community.—The man, whose
gain is the reward of his honest and
laborious

laborious industry, is truly worthy of respect and estimation:—and the fair retail dealer, tho' inferior in station, is no less useful and necessary to the welfare and convenience of society.—Such men will not be displeased with my observations;—such men will approve them,—And if the excellent, pious and benevolent Mr. COLSTON, whose charitable institutions do so much honour to his memory, and produce so much utility to this city, were alive at this hour,—I should not, I trust, have been the object of his censure.—I know many who are engaged in the trading and gainful professions, who would do honour to any situation in life,—and on whom nature has written gentleman in such legible characters, that they who run may read.—But tho' in my general remarks on the men of sordid minds.—I bore no allusion to any particular men or profession of men.—Now, that I am engaged in the more pleasing

task of praise, I look around me, and behold many characters most highly deserving of it; some of whom have enjoyed the first honours which this great and flourishing city can bestow.

I happened about a fortnight ago to be in company, where the Guinea Trade was the topic of conversation:—and I could not forbear from expressing my concern and indignation at the inhuman traffic.—I had spoken some time upon the subject, and was proceeding to enlarge upon the excellent observation of Montesquieu,—“ *that if Negroes are men, they who traded in them could not be christians.*”——When a gentleman of a very pleasing appearance, informed me in a very genteel manner, that he had been and was at that time, much concerned in that species of traffic.——But, Sir, he was pleased to add, I give you this information that I may have an opportunity of assuring you how
much

much I approve your observations upon it.—I must acknowledge that this trade is not to be justified upon any principles of humanity and religion, unless they may be sometimes permitted to soften their rigour in compliance with political necessity.—While our colonies continue to employ Negroes, these unhappy people will be conveyed thither.—If any substitutes could be found, that would exempt a part of the rational creation from slavery, I should rejoice, and would willingly forego a commerce which is so dishonourable to the human species.—But while it continues,—there cannot be any good reason why I may not receive those profits which, if I were to relinquish them, would be eagerly pursued and gladly obtained by another. Besides, as I make it a matter of conscience, that those whom I employ in the purchase of slaves, should treat them with the utmost humanity,—I hope that, while the trade itself is deservedly stigmatized,
—they

—they, who follow it upon the most liberal and humane principles of which it is capable may not be involved in the general censure.

——I was delighted,—and could, with real pleasure, have taken him to my bosom ;—and as I was about to tell him so, I was interrupted by the abrupt and hasty departure of one of the company ;—who having shut the door after him with a most passionate violence, returned again before I was recovered from my surprise, and holding the door in his hand, said, in an angry tone to the gentleman who had just been speaking,—“ you may say what you please of the Guinea-Trade,—that it is contrary to religion and humanity and all that ;”—“ but this I know,” added he, holding forth his hat, “ that I have got this full of money by it :”—and then he shut the door again with his former violence, and departed.——
This is the sordid character whom I have
marked

marked for disgust ;—whom under the title of the Man of Trade, the Man of Gain and of Merchandize; I have endeavoured to hold forth to public censure. And sure I am, that I shall never repent the moment of severity which has been employed upon that person, who would not only trample on the first laws of humanity and religion,—and harden his heart against every sentiment of benevolence, but triumph in the deed, because, by such means he had acquired an hat full of money.—Let his hat be lined with gold ;—I wish it were in my power to ransack his heart :—and if my pen should reach the flinty recesses of it and soften its obduracy,—I will bless Heaven on my knees ten times a day, for making me such an instrument of its justice and its mercy.

—I have but small pretensions to merit as an author :—but if I could rank with the most celebrated names in the
republic

republic of letters, I should still be superior to mortification, when I saw my works thrown aside by men who are destitute of taste, learning and sentiment.

—There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance, which hangs upon and pervades the minds of some men, which is too thick for knowledge to penetrate :—they are those whom

Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra

Night overshadows with its thickest gloom.

—While I possess the applause of those few, whose applause to me is the most desirable fame, I shall be entirely satisfied, tho' the hiss of disapprobation should proceed from a thousand tongues.

—But where censure arises, not from a disinclination to approve, but from misapprehension, there it becomes the duty of every author to illustrate his meaning, —and throw if possible, some irradiations of

of common sense and intelligence into the darkened understanding.

Keen and forcible observations upon any depravity of manners or character, when interspersed through works of sentiment and benevolence, are most likely to have a salutary influence;—as they strike upon the mind in its unsuspicious state, when, if it has any feeling, it is most open to impressions:—While known satires are, not in general, attended with such good effects; as the mind, conscious that it may deserve the lash, fortifies itself against its chastisements; and previous to the perusal, steels itself, as it were, against its power.

—But, after all, tho' I have given no reasonable cause for any one to suppose me, with justice, guilty of illiberality, —I cannot shut the mouths of the illiberal.—If I walk the streets in the night, tho' I may be conscious that I have no
bad

bad designs upon any one's house, yet I cannot prevent the dogs from barking at me.

—*Hon.* You are certainly, my friend, in the right, and I cannot but highly approve of sentiments which bear so strict a conformity to the nature of things.

—But your picture of the misrepresentations to which the clearest authors are subject, calls to my mind a story which I have somewhere read of a very extraordinary and humourous instance of it.

—A pragmatistical fellow in the country, upon reading the *Whole duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author ; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the squire, church-wardens, overseers of the poor, and all the most considerable

siderable persons in the parish.—This book with these extraordinary marginal notes fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before ; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the squire and the whole parish.—The minister of the place having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, 'till the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satyrical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England.

Eug. Your very excellent story, Honorus, brings to my recollection an instance of misrepresentation, for I cannot suppose it to be misapprehension, which relates to the well-known life and opinions of *Tristram Shandy*.—The author of
that

that celebrated work at the close of his matchless description of Yorick's death, introduced a black or mourning page.—I cannot conceive, how it was possible for his design to be mistaken ;—but so it was :—and such whimsical and idle conjectures were made concerning it,—that he resolved, since the leaf of one dead colour, with a moral meaning, was so little understood, to exercise the ingenuity of his readers inventions, and try how they would receive a fanciful page of various colours, which was inserted in a succeeding volume without any meaning at all.—Various were the remarks which the gentry of deep scent made upon this parti-coloured paper.—Some thought it was a satire upon folly, because there was red and yellow on it ;—others that it had a love-sick allusion, as there was a trifling mixture of green in the composition.—Two or three very wise personages declared that there must have been some mistake, and that it should

should have been introduced in Yorick's sermons, and have served as a frontispiece to his discourse upon the History of Joseph, in allusion to his coat of many colours.—But the deep and more sententious critics discovered, with great triumph and exultation, that, as this page was decorated with three colours, and no more,—and no less,—that it must be intended to ridicule the Doctrine of the Trinity.

————But to be more serious————

I have often observed, that selfish and interested minds are so busy in the monopoly of whatever appears to concern them, that they will pass over general good to promote their own welfare, and pass by a general insult upon the rights of humanity, to revenge their own injury.

The truly learned and most humane

K

author

author of the essay on crimes and punishments has the following observation in a note on his chapter concerning bankrupts. —“ I have, heretofore, said that the honest bankrupt,—that is, the man who has failed through misfortunes unavoidable by human prudence, should be kept in custody as a pledge for his debts or employed as a slave to work for his creditors : but I am ashamed of having adopted so cruel an opinion.—I have been accused of impiety.—I did not deserve it.—I have been accused of sedition.—I deserved it as little, but I insulted all the rights of humanity, and was never reproached.”

Philos. Well my good friends.—I will endeavour to make you some returns for the pleasure I have received from your remarks and illustrations ;—and I flatter myself that I have a letter in my hand which will enable me to do it with some degree of success.—I received it
since

since my little publication made its appearance;—to which, indeed, the whole of it alludes.—If it is authentic, the writer must possess an uncommon share of simplicity;—and if it should be fictitious, the author of it must be a person of considerable humour.

—But you shall judge for yourselves.—



The LETTER.

To—the PHILOSOPHER in BRISTOL.

MR. PHILOSOPHER,

Sir,

“ **W**HEN you first advertised your book in the *Bristol* papers, I was curious to know what the outlandish words in
K 2
the

the advertisement meant, and not happening to meet with our Parson to ask him the question,—I asked my youngest boy, who was at home for the Whitsuntide holidays, whether he could make it out; and he said it was Latin; so I told him, as he had been three years at a Latin school, to write it me down in plain English.—And after a good deal of scratching the head and thumbing his Dictionary, as he called it, he said that how the first part of it was,——*be circumspect*.—Yes, said I, Teddy, very good advice, yes, it is very good advice indeed; and I hope you will follow it as your father has done before you.—But where is the rest said I;—so then he told me that the rest meant, that a *Philosopher was the best Trade*.——Trade, boy! said I, why I never heard of such a trade in my life; we have none of them, I believe, in this part of the world.—And when I was in *London* some years ago, at the Lord-Mayor's show,
and

and saw all the trades walk in procession, I don't believe there was a philosopher among them ;—La! Daddy, said the boy, our master, t'other day, told us a long story about a man, that he called a philosopher, who lived in a Tub.—And faith, the boy was in the right ;—for I remember about four years ago, when I went to see my uncle *Thomas Seagrove* at *Kingston upon Thames*, in the county of *Surry*, he took me to look at one of the King's houses called *Hampton-court*; and I remember the show-man told us that in one of the tapestry pictures there was a famous man whom he called a philosopher, or some such name, who lived in a Tub; and that when some great King came to see him, and offered to do him service at court,—he desired him to stand out of his sun-shine, and not take that from him which he could not give him;—and did not so much as thank him for his kind offer.—Now I remember as well as if it was yesterday, that whatever he

was, I thought him a great fool for his pains.—For who knows but he might have been made a commissioner of the customs, and got his sons to be principal clerks, and his cousins to be tide-waiters;—and have provided for his family as it is the duty of every man to do;—and as I have done, tho' I say it that should not say it.—But I am a plain man, Mr. Philosopher, and don't pretend to any-thing.—To be sure I have made a good provision for myself and family, and I thank God for it—I have got a little money upon a certain Bridge, and a few hundreds upon a Turnpike,—not to mention a good round sum upon a great squire's estate not fifty miles from this city.—I am also part owner of two Snows and a Brig, which have answered very well:—not to mention a good lump of money in the four per cent. consol.—My stock in trade is very considerable:—besides, at this time, I have ventured to speculate a little,—
and

and have bought about twelve hogsheds of raw sugars, and twenty butts of currants——So that tho' you have called your own trade the best, whatever it may be, I would not change with you, I assure you.——But I cannot help thinking that in some parts of your book, you seem to make a jeer of trade, as if all who followed it were a good for nothing set of folks.——If you mean that,—I am sure you don't tell truth; and I would advise you not to trouble your head again about what you do not understand.——Indeed, I should not have bought your book, for it seems very little for the money, as I seldom read any thing but the papers, and accounts of ghosts and monsters, or news from America, or histories of cruel, barbarous and bloody murders—and last dying speeches and confessions, with the birth, parentage and education of those who make them;—but my youngest girl had seen it somewhere where she was tea-drinking, and said she

never saw so pretty a book in all her days; so, as it was printed at *Bristol*,—I sent to the bookseller for it;—and the girls, a parcel of fools, were hugely pleased with it;—but I believe it to be a parcel of most confounded lies from the beginning to the end of it.—The old foldier and the generous sailor, as you call him, are, I verily believe, fancies of your own; and as for the story about the *Cobler*, that, I'll swear, is a thumper—for I live in Saint James's myself, and I know that there is no such man:—and my old school-master used to say, that they who lye in somethings would lye in all. I once happened, I remember, to look into a book which gave an account of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who went on board the *Antelope*, *William Prichard*, Master, and set sail from *Bristol*, May 4, 1699, on a voyage to the South Sea;—and that, after many dangers, he came to an island where the inhabitants were no higher than a quart pot:—and having returned safe home,

that

that he went on board the *Adventure* in the *Downs* on the 20th day of June 1702, Captain *John Nicholas*, a *Cornishman*, Commander, and failed to a country where the people were as tall as *Redcliffe church*.—Now I do verily believe, that the whole of this book is a most barefaced lye.—The author of it might be a philosopher for ought I know; and I think if he was alive, you would be very good company for each other; and might try to impcse upon one another;—for you will never be able to do it on any body else, unless it be upon a few, silly, weak women.—I was told, I think, that this book was written by a Parson; the more shame for him to tell such a parcel of stories;—for you must know that I like to see a clergyman behave as he ought to do:—I never miss going to church myself once a week,—and never post my books on a sacrament Sunday,—tho' I can't say so much for some of my neighbours; but I hope God will forgive them.—

“ You

“ You seem, Mr. Philosopher, to have something of a pen, and the *Supervisor* who is a good sensible man, says that you handle it in a very topping manner.—I wish therefore you had writ against gaming and extravagance, and tying up hair in pig-tails, and wearing showy top-knots, and such sort of things, and many an honest man who has a family would have been obliged to you.—For to be sure, things are strangely altered since I first set up in trade; and when I married my wife, who was as tight a young woman as any in the parish, she was content to wear blue worsted stockings, and thought herself very fine indeed if they had red clocks to them; but now my girls wont wear any-thing but white cotton; so what the world will come to I cannot guess. — Besides, they must, every week, at least, have a powder monkey of a barbering fellow to make them look for all the world like *Friesland* hens;

hens; and when I grumble and tell them of their extravagance, the saucy fluts pretend to say, that if nobody used anything more than just what they wanted, it would have been worse for me.—there is some truth, I believe, in what they say, but I don't see what business they had to find it out.—I remember the time when my Wig was combed but once a week and I was shaved but twice:—but now, as I am a very black man, in order to be decent, as I am told, I am lathered, at at least, every other day; and my Wigs are more worn out by the barber's block than by my head.—But I don't mean to toil and sweat for ever;—for as soon as ever my son *Thomas* is fit to manage the business I'll buy a country house at the end of *Stoke's-Croft* or *Redcliffe-street*; there I'll retire, and raise early cucumbers and feed a few pigs, and shave but twice a week as I was used to do.—So Mr. Philosopher, I bid you good bye:—but, as you are a tip-top writer, in case I should

should have made any blunders, I have defined the Supervisor to over-look this letter:—so, errors excepted,

I am,

Your servant to command,

TIMOTHY PLODMAN.

—When the letter was concluded, and the laughter, which it had occasioned, began to subside; Eugenius declared that notwithstanding the late hour of the night, he would then walk ten miles, with the greatest pleasure, to see and converse with the writer of it.—He was proceeding, when Honoria smil'd and shook her head at him.—You prove, said she, the lateness of the hour by the sleepiness of your faculties;——so, lighting her candle, she curtsied with much formality to the Philosopher; and shaking

ing her head again very sarcastically at Eugenius,—she retired.

—I protest, said he,—I never found Honoria so unintelligible since I have had the honour of knowing her.—What can she mean? —————

—I will go and ask her, my good friend, said Honorius, if you will permit me!—so I wish you a good night; and to-morrow morning, at breakfast, I will give you an account of my embassy.—

—Eugenius was, by no means, satisfied;—and was about to express his dissatisfaction,—when a little figure of a bird presented itself on the top of a wooden clock; and having repeated the Cuckow's note twelve times, it withdrew.—The philosopher pointed to the dial; and after shaking his head at his friend,—he took his hat and went his way.—Eugenius sauntered up and down the room
for

for a few minutes; but finding that it did not answer, he rung the bell, for the servant to bring his *Robe de Chambre*,—and he soon afterwards retired to hold deep councils with his pillow.



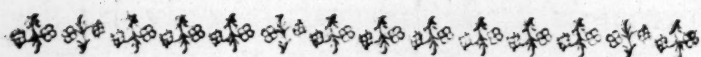
The Concert.

THERE are some people in the world who are ever ready to do offices of kindness and courtesy:—and I was so fortunate, some days ago, to meet with a gentleman of this happy and amiable disposition; who, when I happened to mention my partiality to musical entertainments, immediately offered to introduce me to a Concert which he was then preparing to attend.—I accepted this invitation, and passed a most pleasant and delightful evening.—The music
was

was good; and the harmony of the performance could be equall'd only by the good humour of the little assembly.—The company was not large but very select, and appeared, which heightened the pleasure I received from being admitted into it, to be a pleasant family meeting.

I hope, therefore, the ladies and gentlemen, to whom I am indebted for the elegant music of this evening, will pardon me, if I beg permission to make a little offering from a sister science, and to dedicate it to them.

The



The Powers of Harmony,

An O D E.

I

*NYMPHS of the sacred Hill! to you
belong,*

The Grace and Energy of song!

And while your praises I rehearse,

Oh deign to smile upon my verse;

Whether by Aganippe's fount ye stray,

Or Heliconian springs your flight delay:

Reclin'd on Avon's verdant side,

Where commerce swells the rolling tide,

I call the sacred virgins to inspire:

Aid me!—Oh aid me, while I strike the Lyre!

Sure,

II.

*Sure, 'tis an heavenly voice that sings!
 Some hand immortal sweeps the strings!
 To Jesse's harp the magic notes belong:
 He sings, and lo!—the powerful song
 Makes Israel's King affrighted stand:
 The javelin trembles in his nerveless hand;
 And vengeance, weaken'd by the melting
 strain,
 Strives to strike,—but strives in vain.
 Each furious passion in the Monarch's breast
 Hides its head, and sinks to rest.
 —Again he listens to the Lyre!
 The slumbering tyrants of the heart
 Spread their black wings and quick depart:
 While the pleasing sounds inspire
 A purer flame,—a gentler fire,*

III.

*But hark! I hear a loud, tumultuous strain
 Rise on the breezes of the western main!
 From Mona's heights, the Druid throng
 Strike on their harps the dying song*

L

Of

*Of Liberty:—the enliv'ning sounds inspire
 Their hallowed bosoms with impetuous fire:
 Enrag'd they hurry to the war,
 Where grim death threatens in his scythed
 car:
 Their madd'ning fury scorns to fear
 Th' uplifted sword,—the hissing spear;
 The griesly warrior they defy;—
 They liv'd for freedom, and for freedom die.
 They strike their harps in death:—the awful
 sound
 Spreads havoc and confusion round.
 Beside their harps the mangled forms remain,
 To glut the vulture and pollute the plain!*

IV.

*Why, gentle shepherd, on the mountain's brow,
 With dangerous footsteps dost thou love to go?
 Careless where thy flocks shall stray,
 Why dost thou sometimes take the dubious way
 Within the thorny tanglings of the wood,
 Or where the willow weeps beside the flood?
 Has Amaryllis' voice thy bosom charm'd,
 And all thy tender feelings warm'd*

With

*With anxious love and soft desire?
 Return, thou pensive swain, the amorous fire!
 Oh make the reed declare thy flame,
 And teach the echoes Amaryllis' name!—
 Thy notes shall steal into her breast,
 And with their softening power, controul
 The secret wishes of her soul.
 Oh! let her hear the tender strain!
 Lur'd by the sound she'll quit the plain;—
 She'll soon, like thee, devoid of rest,
 Stray 'mid the tanglings of the wood,
 Or with the willow weep beside the flood;
 Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion
 move,
 And bend her alter'd soul to thee—and love?*

V

*Oh, turn not thine attentive ear
 To those sweet sounds, thou lovely boy!
 Those pleasing sounds 'tis death to hear;
 They only sooth thee to destroy!
 'Tis Circe sings to tempt thee to her bower,—
 There hath she scatter'd every sweetest flower:*

*But 'midst her flowers do poisonous adders lie,
 And her enchanting bowers but lead to infamy.
 Turn, turn thine eyes to where yon circling
 train*

*Enjoy the pleasures of the plain;
 Go join their dance,—go join their song;
 With them the festive hours prolong
 In harmless sports and merry glee,
 To sound of rural minstrelsy.
 Their pleasures Virtue doth attend,
 For pleasure there is Virtue's friend.*

VI.

*The passions rise, again they die,
 By the power of harmony!
 The soft lute sooths the lover's pains!
 The trumpet sounds in martial strains,
 And lo!—the Veteran, mark'd with many a
 scar,
 Hastes impatient to the war!
 While to the sacred Choir 'tis given,
 To raise the enraptur'd soul to Heaven,*

VII.

VII.

Here cease my simple Lyre!
 Let other Bards to nobler heights aspire!
 Let them with bolder pinion try
 To trace the course of that fix'd harmony,
 Which nature, all obedient, hears;
 Which marks the day, and marks the hour,
 Commands the ocean's wave, directs the spheres,
 And through Creation bears the heavenly power.
 I only strike the sounding shell,
 In low and inexpressive verse to tell
 That Music's power can controul
 The passions of the human soul:
 That when fair H—lh—e strikes the tuneful
 strings,
 A rose-lip'd cherub sweetly sings;
 —That all the grace and energy of song,
 To B——y's magic powers belong.

The EVENING.

THE real satisfaction and pleasures of life are capable of being received and enjoyed by all ranks and conditions of men.—A wise and kind Providence, in the distribution of its best gifts, does not consider rank and condition, but bestows them alike on the whole race of human beings.—The sun shines upon all:—the blue firmament, fretted with golden fires, and all the magnificence as well as beauty of nature is visible to every eye.—The music of the grove, and the fragrance of the garden, are dispensed to the villager as well as to the monarch, and the shepherd's posie regales his sense with as sweet perfume, as the gaudy *Boquet* that adorns the bosom of the most admired daughter of vanity and fashion.

—The

—The exotic plant and rare flowering shrub are only to be seen in the parterre and plantation of the rich :—but the rose, which boasts a superior beauty and fragrance, is ever to be found in the garden of the peasant.—The Lavender gives him its odours ;—the sweetbriar grows in his hedge ;—the Woodbine twines around his trees, and the Jessamine creeps up the wall of his cottage, and luxuriates about his casement.

The simple pleasures of nature are those which the heart acknowledges by a constant and unfeigned cheerfulness. —The delights of modern refinement never look beyond the senses, and if these are gratified, the end appears to be answered.—But this is a miserable error :—for the senses being no more than avenues to the heart, those joys must be very weak and imperfect which rest with them, and have not strength to reach their proper destination.

—To study and contemplate the magnificent apparatus of the universe, which the Great Creator has contrived for our use and happiness, 'till we are lost, as it were, in the power and goodness of its divine author ;—or in the language of the poet,—“ to look through nature up to nature's God,”—is an employment of infinite use, and attended with the most sublime satisfactions.

—When we turn our thoughts to the great Theatre of the world, and consider how vast its extent,—how amazing its structure,—how wonderful its contrivance,—with what beauty it is adorned, and the powers which are bestowed upon us to comprehend and enjoy it, we must feel an indubitable conviction in our hearts, that, in the language of the psalmist, “ we are little lower than the Angels.”——If this idea of exaltation is properly impressed upon our minds, it will inspire us with a noble ambition
to

to act worthy of our nature and our end —and to endeavour to exercise our faculties conformably to the rank we hold among reasonable beings, and the hopes we have of being advanced to a more exalted station.——For if even in this state of finite, uncertain and probationary duration, there are moments of real delight;—if, amid the clouds and darknesses,—the storms and tempests of the world, there are some scenes so exquisitely pleasing,—as to be able to charm away the sense of present pain,—and to repay us for past sorrow;—how infinitely glorious and blessed must that transition be to another state of existence, where all the objects being of a most pure and exalted nature, our capacities for enjoyment will be proportionably enlarged, strengthened and improved.

There are too many, among the sons of error, who are continually engaged in designing a dark and gloomy picture of
the

the world ;—and cast such a black mantle of evil and misfortune around life, as to make it appear an object of disgust and dissatisfaction rather than of comfort and contentment.—That there is evil in the world. I mean in the general acceptance of the word, must be readily acknowledged ; but it is equally evident, that there is no more of it than is necessary to make this life a state of trial, and to direct our thoughts to another which is to succeed it.—Life, like a well finished picture, consists of a wise distribution of light and shade, and when the latter prevails so as to obscure the former, it must arise from the folly, indolence or unskillfulness of the painter.

Mankind are, in general, the creators of their own miseries :—and if we were to investigate, with an unprejudic'd and patient attention, the nature of our sorrows, we should discover their source to be in ourselves.—The irregularity of our passions,

passions, the weakness of our resolutions, and our inattention to those means whereby we might controul the former and strengthen the latter, are plenteous and constant springs of pain and uneasiness. —When a taste for simple and rational pleasures is vitiated by a love for the diversions of fashion and vanity;—when the beauties of a summer's evening are neglected for a card-table or an assembly; and the glories of the rising sun, which compose the most magnificent spectacle through all the realms of nature, are sacrificed to a shameful indolence and enervating slumbers;—of whom can we, with justice, complain, when we feel that painful vacancy of mind, that listless and wearisome disposition,—and that total dissatisfaction which arises from such a conduct?—of whom or what can we complain but ourselves,—and our own idleness and folly?

—I have really known those who have
dared:

dared to acknowledge, that, in the course of their lives, they never beheld the fiery beams dart above the horizon as the heralds of the sun's triumphant entry into this nether hemisphere.—And, I fear the number of those is very considerable indeed, who would never have beheld it, if accident or necessity had not contributed to the event.—The sounding horn may call the sportsman from his slumbers to pursue to chase at the dawn, and he may then behold it ;—the sons and daughters of affliction, after a night of vigilant and restless sorrow, may cast a languid and dissatisfied eye upon its orient blushes ;—and the man of pleasure may reel beneath its beams from the brothel or the gaming house.—But the philosopher rises to pay his early adoration to the God of nature, and to catch a glow of devotion from the morn's encreasing splendor.

—I have not been inattentive to the
matter,

matter, and I never was disposed to believe that those evils which human wisdom could not foresee, nor human prudence prevent, can be the cause of real affliction to wise and reflecting minds. — They must feel, — but they will feel in a manner as becomes them; — and not increase the sorrow which, arises from the will of Heaven, by their own frowardness and discontent, but diminish its pain by their resignation and patience. — The necessary griefs of time are frequently, if not always, its greatest blessings; and they who, by their high attainments in virtue and excellence, appear to have the best claim to the favour of Heaven, are oftentimes surrounded by them. — But amidst all the afflictions of Life — — “to be good is to be happy.” — — “Angels are happier than mankind because they’re better.” — — Our capacity for happiness absolutely depends upon our capacity for goodness; — and the progressive course of mental excellence,

lence, through whatever gradations of being it may be continued, will be followed by an adequate happiness, till they both attain the summit of their perfection.

These thoughts occur'd to me, in a friend's garden, as I sat beneath an oak, —which seemed, from its gloomy shade and the beautiful scenery around it, to have been planted on purpose to afford a canopy for the man of contemplation.— It stands upon the brow of an hill whose declivities, which are finely adorned with thickets, fall boldly down to a beautiful vally beneath it.—The ground about it is fringed with a plantation, and the intervening lawn is chiselled, as it were, into a moat adorned with little scattered knots of shrubs and flowers—To the right, there is a magnificent hanging wood, that forms a fine mass of the darkest verdure,—which is happily contrasted by the bright green of the winding

ing glade beneath it.—through the latter meanders a beautiful river, which, at its first entrance into the valley, divides its stream into two branches, and forms a small irregular island; which being adorned with a few stately trees, adds very much to the charms of this lovely scene. To the left of the river, rises another wood, more bold and abrupt than its opposite neighbour, from between the trees whereof, large craggy rocks appear in venerable beauty.—

The distant prospect to which these woods serve as an avenue, consist of meadows, farms, and a small scattered village, and these conduct the eye to the horizon;—which, this evening, was in possession of more beauty than I ever remember to have beheld in this part of Europe.—

The sun was in all its declining splendor, —and a few scattered clouds which were very low in the Heavens, as they caught the parting rays, appeared to be purple islands floating in a golden ocean. But
this

this wonderful scene was transient as it was beautiful.—The colours soon faded away, and nought remained but some pale streaks of light which seemed to hover over the horizon.

I sat beneath the oak and beheld the bright vision pass away ;—and compared it to the latter end of the good man, around whose closing scene, the applause of virtue and the smile of Heaven casts a splendid dignity.—And when I considered the beauteous state of renovation which the bright orb would appear to have undergone at the morning's dawn, I looked forwards to the great and tremendous day, when a slumbering world will be summoned from the grave,

And suns will rise to set no more !

—But now the pale moon had assumed her regency in the Heavens,—and glimmered sweetly upon my meditations;
her

her faint light rested upon the woods,—
and her silver beams quivered on the
water. The nightingale also poured
forth his enchanting note, and the pau-
ses of his melody were filled up by the
hoarse and uncertain dashings of a distant
waterfall.

—Here I sat in a delightful state of
silent and tranquil enjoyment; and had
just composed the following sonnet,
when my friend came to warn me of the
evening dews, and to tell me that the
curds and cream were ready for my sup-
per.

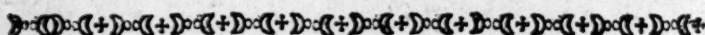
S O N N E T.

*Oh haste thou harmless Syren of the grove
Sweet Philomel! to tune thy melting song;
And cheer my pensive musings as I rove,
These shady woods and flowery vales among!*

M

And

*And thou, O Moon, in sober splendor rise,
 And let thy pale beams on the waters play!
 While contemplation, daughter of the Skies,
 Corrects the glaring follies of the day!
 Sweet bird, I thank thee for the mournful
 strain,
 That steals so softly on my ravish'd ear,
 While the fair Queen of night doth kindly
 deign
 In all her silver beauty to appear:
 And fancy, to compleat my soul's delight,
 Displays the lov'd Amanda to my sight.*



The Harangue.

I was returning from Thornbury last week;—when, at the distance of about eight miles from *Bristol*, I observed a person coming towards me with the utmost speed of which his horse was capable.—It proved to be a servant who stopped and asked

asked me to direct him, if possible, to find a surgeon,—for Sir, added the man, with a look of infinite concern and impatience, my poor mistress, I believe, is dying upon the road.—I directed him to *Thornbury*; and hastened to the assistance of the distressed lady.

I had not rode two miles before I saw a chaise standing in the middle of the road, and a lady sitting on a bank beside it: while the postilion was giving her water to drink out of his hat.—I dismounted, and after asking her how she did, I begged to know if I could be of any service to her.—She made no reply but, with her hand, directed my attention to the chaise:—yes, an' please your honour, said the postilion, the gentleman, I believe is almost dead, for she gave such desperate groans, just now,—that they quite frightened me.—I therefore went immediately to the carriage, and, looking into it, I saw a pale form

of an emaciated woman who appeared to be breathing her last.—In one hand she had a white handkerchief,—and in the other she held a bottle of salts which she had not strength to raise to her head.—As I was stepping into the chaise in order to apply the salts to her nostrils, she opened her eyes, and with some difficulty raised herself, a little in her seat.—As she leaned forwards, I perceived a large drop of blood at the end of her nose.—It soon fell upon the white handkerchief; when she was immediately seized with a most violent fit of trembling, and after lifting up both her hands and faintly murmuring, Lord have mercy upon my soul, she sunk down upon the seat of the chaise and expired.—

—I called upon the kindness of some passengers to assist me in the melancholy business of conveying the body to a neighbouring farm house.—The chaise went slowly on; and the lady, whom I found

found sitting upon the bank, followed it, leaning upon my arm,—and weeping at every step.—When we arrived at the house, and she was become somewhat composed, she told me, that the lady, who was just dead, had left the *Hot-Wells*, that morning, contrary to the advice of her physician, who assured her, with a most earnest tenderness, that she had not strength to bear the least agitation or fatigue; but as she was convinced that she had not long to live,—she was resolved, she said, if possible, to die in her own house; and to see her friends once more before she was separated from them for ever.—I used my utmost endeavours, continued the lady, to dissuade her from this resolution,—but in vain:—and the consequences have answered to my fears and the prognostications of the physician.—I remained at the farmhouse for a few hours to give directions about the removal of the deceased person, and to dispatch messengers to in-

form her relations of this melancholy event.—When I had compleated this business to the best of my power,—I returned homewards.

As I passed over *Durham-Down* I met a young friend of mine, who was taking the air;—and related to him the affecting scene which I had beheld, with the concern I had taken in it;—and was proceeding to enlarge upon the effects which it produced in me,—when he, with the greatest coolness and composure, observed, that if he might be allowed the expression, he envied every person who died; and for his part, favoured as he was by the smiles of fortune, he would not be sorry to leave the world behind and shelter himself from the evils of it, in the grave.

I was surprised at the declaration, especially, as he delivered it with a seriousness which made me almost believe
that

that it came from his heart.—However, I could not refrain from expressing my doubts of his sincerity,—and told him, that, if he was really serious, it must be the whim of the minute,—and would pass away as suddenly as it came. If that is your opinion, he replied, you are totally unacquainted with my character and disposition ;—for continued he, these sentiments have long been mine,—and I do not, at present believe that I shall be easily induced to change them.

We now parted ;—and a few days afterwards I called upon him to enquire whether he retained his very extraordinary sentiments :—but before I could seat myself,—as if he knew my intention, he began the following Harrangue ;—and I heard him through the whole of it with the utmost silence and all my attention.

“ Here am I sitting, said he, in perfect good humour with the world :—and yet, me-thinks, I could rise from my chair and with much complacency descend into the grave and lay my head upon its cold pillow for ever. What? you will say,——have you no friends whom you love?—no favourite object of your affection?—No angelic being upon whom your soul doats,—that you can think thus coolly of the matter, and speak of life as of a thing which contains nothing worth the living for?—Yes, my friend, I have friends whom I love,—my affections look towards a favourite object ;—there is, yes there is an angelic being on whom my soul doats,—and yet, with all these impressions strong upon me I could be content to call for my bier,—and point it to the dust.——You shake your head,—and seem to tell me that I am nothing but contradiction and fantasy. —But alas,—you well know that what I am contented to do to day,—I may be forced

forced to do to-morrow,—and that these ties which you think sufficient to bind me to this world,—may be soon loosed, and lash my affections, more strongly still, to another.—The fidelity of the most faithful,—the charms of the most charming,—the graces of the most graceful.—the virtue of the most virtuous,—are all uncertain even in their existence,—but very precarious indeed in their duration.——Satisfied then with the portion of life which I have enjoyed,—suppose me hastening to the tomb, and that in my way thither,—I meet one whose lovely form I have been used to reverence,—whose more lovely heart I have been used to adore :—this excellent being stops me on the road,—and in a persuasive voice, which I have ever found it my highest felicity to obey,—tells me,—“ live for my sake !”—won by this irresistible power,—I trace back my steps,—I return to life ;—and as I return, the favourite object of it sinks from beside me.

me into the arms of death.—If then our pleasures slide thus suddenly from us,—if the best and most reasonable grounds of our mortal happiness are so very uncertain,—if friends must part;—and if the purest flame of love must be extinguished in the grave,—why will my friend call that temper of mind inconsistent and fanciful, which makes me content to bear now,—what I must inevitably suffer at some future period;—a period which hangs upon the fragility of life.—Philemon loved Aspasia,—and she returned the virtuous passion;—the fairest prospect of connubial happiness was before them:—the very day arrived when their union was to be confirmed in the sight of heaven.—But she sunk from her lover's arms into the cold embrace of death;—and the roses which were gath-
 to adorn her bridal bed were scattered around her tomb.—Lorenzo's heart was glad that the hour drew nigh when his son, who had for many, many years
 been

been the object of all his care and affection, was to attain to manhood;—but amid the festivities of the joyful day, a fever seized the hopeful youth, and hurried him away from the fondness of his doating parent and the expectations of an admiring world.——It is long since I have learned to suspect happiness;—and yet it sometimes assumes such a lovely and winning appearance, that it is irresistible: I am led away by it,—I yield to its influence, I drink pleasure from its eye,—I gather its fairest flowers, and, weaving them into a chaplet, I place them on my brows, and I think myself immortal;——but behold, they wither and lose their sweets,—and the morning wreath droops at noon-tide, and fades in the evening.—Absence, pain, sickness, or some of the other calamities of life, bring me to myself again; I awake from my delirium,—I renew my suspicions of all human happiness,—and am content to leave the fairest prospect
it

it can hold up before me,—for the dismal gloom of my long and last abode. —Here, my friend, I see you cast a look of pity upon me,—and ask me if every duty is performed,—if my task of life is completely finished,—if the end of my creation is fully answered?—I did not make any such arrogant or bold assertion,—I did not tell you that I longed to die,—that I, daringly, wished to be no more,—that I arraigned the wise dispensations of Providence in continuing me here;—No,—I only said, that with my best wishes for my fellow-mortals,—and my most earnest prayers for their real honour, I could be content to leave them all, and to lay my head upon its cold pillow in the dust.

“—You now take me by the hand, and with a look of the most tender affection, and with tears in your eyes,—you ask me whether, if I can be superior to any feelings for myself,—I can forget those.

those of my friends?—adding withall, in a tone of the most affectionate regard, —what have we done who love you,— what have we done,—that you should be content to leave a pang in those hearts who are devoted to you?—Alas, my friend, your goodness affects me,—but does not win me from my purpose!— For, perhaps, your heart is the only one which would melt into sorrow over my grave. Besides, we are better constructed for the purposes of society, than to be open to lasting impressions of violent grief;—nature relieves herself, and time compleates the cure in the most tender bosoms:—It seldom happens, that the human mind is suffered, in this world, to retain a painful tenderness when the object of it has long been removed, and others have succeeded, perhaps, equally interesting, and more worthy.—Besides the necessary engagements, and hourly amusements;—the casual pleasures,—and certain calamities of life, and of those
about

about us, call off our memories from hovering over the tombs of the dead.—If I were to die this night,—the sun would shine as bright to-morrow as he did to-day,—the birds would sing the same morning song,—the flowers would not droop,—nor would youth stop a moment in its career of pleasure:—There might be one or two who would look grave for an hour, or, perhaps, smile less for a week;———and you, who feel that the absent claim a sigh,—the dead a tear, might shed that tear, and sometimes look back upon those happy hours we passed together, and feel a tender sentiment arise from such a retrospect —But your happiness could not be much interrupted; the place I filled in your heart, you would find it your interest to supply with some new object,—And I should soon begin to be but faintly remembered.—And even those tender pains which might now and then awake you into the remembrance of me, would, instead of
 misery,

misery, bring a soft, and melancholy pleasure along with them.—You will now urge your last observation and tell me,—that I feel long for my friends,—and what superiority, you will ask me, do I assume, that I should possess a more lasting tenderness for them, than they would do for me?—Once for all,—it is not from my superior nature or disposition, that I derive these feelings, tho' I believe, I have more soul than most people, but from my particular unconnected situation, having no relational calls for my affections, I place them on those who casually offer themselves as candidates for their pigmy honours, and they receive the whole among them.—When I lose a friend, having no immediate object to whom I can transfer my regard,—it follows him to his grave,—and I love his memory, and his shade better than I do most who survive him.

“—Once more you desire to question
me

me and to bind me down to this world, by leading me to that object which I love best in it,—and asking me whether I feel unconcerned at the reflection that I may see that object no more.—It would cost me a pang of a most severe nature I must confess;—but the pang, being momentary, would soon be over, and I should be at rest.—You will add, perhaps, that she may soon forget me, and bestow her affections on another, and remember my fond and faithful passion no more;—nay my portrait which I tied about her neck with my own hands, and which she promised, should remain there for ever,—may be thrown aside for another, whose worth and whose passion is not the tythe of mine; nay, it may be entirely obliterated to gratify him;—and the only representation of my person,—the sole remaining token of my affection,—may be sacrificed,——nay may be treated with indignity,—as a proof of her attachment to another.—Alas,——my friend,

friend, e'er this picture can be realized—my eye will be closed for ever,—and my ear will hear no more.—The green sod will lie upon my breast,—then insensible to the biting pangs of jealousy, and the torments of a successful and disappointed passion.—Besides, my friend, may she forget me!—She cannot,—she dare not treat my name or any resemblance of me with scorn and indignity—If she does,—her nature must be so debased, and her whole heart must be so corrupted, that it will not be her wish to remember one whose friendship, from its purity and sincerity, was an honour to her, when she deserved it,—and will reflect a disgrace indeed when she is conscious that she deserves it no more.—But again, I declare, may she forget me!—for to forget me she must be happy indeed.—If my love,—my fidelity, my anxiety to please, can be forgotten;—a superior love,—a more strict fidelity,—a greater anxiety to please can alone ob-

literate them;—and if she meets with such,—may I be forgotten.—But if sorrow should overtake her;—if she should ever want a friend into whose bosom she would wish to pour her complaints,—then will she think of me,—then she will repair to my grave and sit down beside it and weep there—and when she wants an arm whereon to lean her feeble frame,—she will sigh and lament that mine is mouldered into dust.—but may she never know a sufficient degree of misery to make her remember me;—and may she experience such a constant flow of happiness as to forget that I ever existed!—You will tell me that these are fine, heroical sentiments,—which may play for an hour upon the fancy,—but that they never existed in nature:—then, Sir,—I am supernatural,—for they exist in me:—I feel them at this moment;—and if death himself was at my door, I should make the same declaration,—tho' it were to be my last.

“indeed

“Indeed I must own myself in some degree affected by this last suggestion of yours, not on my own account, but for the sake of that lovely being whose idea is connected with it.—If I know her aright, it is impossible your picture of what may happen can ever happen!—But, if I should be deceived,—and all that you conjecture should prove a reality, I had rather die than behold it:—so that instead of diminishing my indifference about life,—you have in reality added another reason why I should be contented to die.—The pain of parting with her for ever would be extasy, in comparison with that of living to see her depart from the excellence of her nature, and that delightful path of virtue in which I have seen her tread, till I thought her an Angel.

“—If she should fall,—may Heaven, in its mercy, grant that before that day, the fable curtain of fate may be dropped

between her and me, and separate us for ever!

“—After this picture of my heart which I have presented before you,—after these fair and honest assertions which I have made from my soul, you may believe me when I say that, this very night I should be content to rest my head upon the cold pillow of the grave.——And when you come to reflect upon the reasons I have given you as the grounds of such a contentment,——strengthened and exalted by my future hopes,—you will not suppose me visionary or fantastic—but a philosopher and a christian.”—

—Here he paused,—and, as I took my leave, I repeated Cicero’s declaration—that amidst all his afflictions for the death of his daughter Julia, he found infinite comfort in discovering how many fine things might be said upon it.

The

The Fragment.

—Split me, said Florio, but that's an enchanting creature!

—Do you mean the lady who is, this moment, come from the Cathedral?

—I do.—She has been, I suppose, to pray for an husband!

—How that may be, I cannot tell;—for she has had one already.—She is a Widow.

A Widow?—Oh then she has been to pray for another.—and may the pretty little rogue be married within these ten days!—That is all the harm I wish her.

—It is a strange habit, Florio, that infects you young flashy men, of determining at once upon female characters, without knowing any thing of the matter.—The instant you see a woman, you begin to interpret, or, I should rather say, to misinterpret her every look, gesture and action; and, perhaps, from the most casual glance of her, pronounce the particulars of her character and dispositions:—and from such fashionable determinations, reason and justice too often make their appeals in vain.—To trace external actions and appearances, my friend, to their real source in the feelings and dispositions of the mind, is a power which few possess, and can be acquired but by much commerce with the world and very deep reflection.—Few, very few indeed, are competent judges in the most difficult of all sciences,—the knowledge of the human heart.—Its deceitfulness, mutability and variety; together with its prejudices and partialities, all combine

combine to render it extremely difficult to attain a decisive knowledge of it,— If this be true;—your random, hasty decisions must be always vague, and oftentimes false :—but this is not all;—for an idle remark of a thoughtless, vain, young man, has sometimes fixed a stain upon a female character which an whole life has not been able entirely to obliterate.—Besides, these imprudent, rash observations are generally made at an age, when, from a knowledge of the most abandoned of the sex, you are disposed to form your ideas of those who are the greatest honour to it.—Young women should be informed that *Gazers are not always Admirers*.—That the generality of those applausive addresses which are apt to sink so deep into their hearts, slide without thought off the tongue of the flatterer, who, considering them, as matters of course, forgets them in a moment :—and that those whispers which female vanity is so disposed to interpret

as tributes to its beauty,—would, instead of the glow of pride, beget the blush of shame, if they were interpreted aright.

—Very sententious, indeed, my good friend, said Florio, very moral,—very good advice.—I think you had better step into the church and mount the pulpit, and teach the young women dulness and vulgarity.—But, by all that's charming, here she comes:—On purpose, I warrant you, for us to look at her.—

—You little think, perhaps, that in assigning such motives for that lady's actions,—you give a most genuine picture of your own insufferable vanity.

—She's a most heavenly creature!—Did I say it loud enough for her to hear me?—I hope she heard me!

—And wherefore?

—Oh,

—Oh,—it would please the pretty thing; and be something to employ her thoughts the rest of the day.—I love to make the little Angels happy, such a fine girl as——

—I tell you she is a widow.

—*Tant mieux*—All widows I have ever known——

——May have been of a coquet-tish disposition:—perhaps, if they had possessed a superior character, you would not have been honoured with their acquaintance.

—What!—are not all widows alike?
——In the name of wonder, how many species are there of this kind of animal?—

—There are good and bad of all ranks and situations;—and, I fear, If I was to
take

take the whole company of widows which there are in the world,—I should be obliged to range them under several distinct and separate classes,—but, as you seem to be unsettled in your principles upon this important subject, I will give you my sentiments of the matter.

A widow is a woman, who, having been freed from the restraint of a single life by matrimony, is delivered from the shackles of a married life by the death of her husband.

——Thrice happy being!—who canst obey the call of pleasure without following the train of a chaprone;——who canst open thy doors to the flatterer and the beau without scandal;—who, at the same moment, mayest enjoy all the freedom of the married life, and receive all the homage of the virgin state!

——Of widows there are two kinds!—
1. Those

1. Those who did love their husbands;
—or appeared to love them.

2. Those who did not:—and
made no secret of it.

—The first is an amiable, consistent character;—she loved her husband while he lived,—and she reveres his memory now he is no more.—Her affection dwells continually upon his goodness and his virtues,—and exercises its best powers in teaching her offspring to follow the steps of honour wherein their father trod before them: this is her happiness, and she is content with the share of it Heaven has allotted her;—nor does she look forwards with the hopes of encreasing it by any future connections.

—This is the rational widow!—

—If I had described this character in verse, I should have compared her to an
honeyfuckle

honeyfuckle which continues to blow 'round the trunk of an oak, which has long been withered.—

2dly—Of the widows' who did not love their husbands, there are two distinct species.—

The first is that lady who having been disappointed of the happiness and comfort which she expected from matrimony in her past connection, is continually looking forwards to obtain that happiness and comfort in another alliance.

—This is the longing, or expecting, or wishing widow?

—The second is a lady, who, now and then, thought she loved her husband,—or did not well know whether she loved him or not: and, tho' she has her wishes and expectations, does not, always, know what they are, or where to direct them:

them: and is continually changing their form and colour by the powers of her own lively and changeful fancy:—

—This is the whimsical widow.

And I, really, believe, that under the characters of the rational, the wishing, and the whimsical widow, as I have defined them, you might rank every widow under the moon.—

—I have a very particular and sufficient reason for not using the word *sun* as the last word of the last sentence.

—The characters of the wishing and the whimsical widows will admit of an infinite number of divisions and subdivisions.—The subject is pregnant with uncommon variety,—but where is the imagination whose flight is so powerful as to follow the wishes of the wishing widow, or the whims of the whimsical widow.—

widow:—Besides, I am only endeavouring to give you a sketch of my chapter upon widows, reserving the chapter itself for some future period; when, perhaps, I may give it to world.

I am, at this moment, acquainted with the most whimsical widow, fancy was ever godmother to.—There is not a hair of her head which has not a whim in it,—she is the very soul of whim.—There was,—ah!—there was a time in my life, when I should have been well-pleased to have roused all her fancies from their hiding places, hunted them through the infinite turnings and windings of her little brain, 'till panting and breathless, they implored my mercy—for their innocence sake.

—But now the time is past, and I seldom amuse myself with any one's fancies but my own.

—Faith,

—Faith, said Florio, you seem to have a sufficient number of them to keep you in constant employment, but do proceed on your lecture.

—I mean to do so, with your permission; and as you honour my observations with the title of lecture, I will endeavour to arrange the few I have to make in that form, and call them a lecture upon widows' hearts.

The rational widow's heart is, generally, of a pale, purple colour, and its contents are congealed tears, sometimes when affection in a tender mood, touches it with its magic wand, it becomes red for a short time; when the congealed tears dissolve and occasion weeping.

—The wishing widow's heart is red as a cherry, and is always distended to its utmost power.—It is brim-ful of wishes which are continually flying out at every aperture

The Parting.

A Fortnight, I believe, has passed away since I was surpris'd and delighted with the receipt of the following Letter.

London.

“ I have been making a thousand enquires after you for this month past ; and was at last indebted to an happy chance for the information that you were in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*.—I wished much to write to you, and more to see you ;—and I indulge myself, at this time, in the one, that I may receive a more compleat gratification in the other :—This is therefore, in the first place, to accuse you of your unmerciful neglect of your friends ; for I have not received a single line from you these nine months ; and you know that I love you well enough for one line to content me :—and, in the

O

next

next place, to hope that you will not, for the time to come, be so inattentive to your epistolary engagements:—because, if that should be the case, we shall, I fear, be as it were, dead to each other.

—“ I have been presented to a living of very considerable value in *Ireland*, where I am now going to fix my residence for the rest of my life.—You know that I have some very near and dear connections in that kingdom;—and I am now about to encrease them by a marriage in which my own choice is confirmed and justified by the universal approbation of others. Indeed, I have a most pleasing prospect before me! my income will be more than adequate to my wants;—My living is in a most beautiful country, the Parsonage house is truly comfortable,—the garden is large and pleasant,—and a transparent river, which divides it from the most beautiful meadows in the world, washes the borders of it.—But above all, the fair creature

creature whom heaven has granted, in its mercy, to share these various blessings with me, is adorned with every pleasing accomplishment, and possessed of virtues, which, I fear; the study and attention of the longest life will not qualify me to deserve.—With all these means of comfort and happiness, I must acknowledge and Cleora will forgive me when I declare, that the presence of my friend will always add new joy to the joyful, and make even the days of the happy much happier.—

“—This little history of myself has led me from the principal design of this letter;—but I shall not offend you with an apology; because, if you are not strangely altered from what I have ever known you, this little sketch of my happiness will add much to yours.

For some years past I have seen but little of you, and heard but very seldom

from you, I have been, like yourself, a citizen of the world, and was forced to be content with a casual and transitory sight of you, and satisfied with an occasional letter from you :——but, as I am about to have a permanent and lasting settlement, I shall not be so easy and silent concerning you.——I am now master of a plentiful fortune, and shall soon, I trust, be possessed of all the comforts which it will purchase; and some which the greatest fortune cannot always command.——Come then, my friend, and enjoy them with me!—you shall form my bowers,—dispose my walks and plant my trees, and I will owe the ornaments and decorations of my little domain to you:—and, when you are fatigued with your labours, we will read together in the shade.—Cleora too, shall ever smile upon her husband's friend! In the spring she shall adorn your apartment with flowers;—in the summer she shall gather for you the best fruits of her garden,

den, and prepare with her own hands for your breakfast and your supper, the little luxuries which her dairy will afford; and in the winter evenings, the Harpsichord and her voice, which is exceeding tuneful, shall charm and delight you; and you, in return, shall be a Mentor to us both.

I design to leave *London* in a few days for *Chester*; and tho' it will be an hundred miles out of my way, I am resolved to pass through *Bristol* to see you.—I write this therefore to prepare you for my arrival, and to beseech you not to wander out of the way; because it will be impossible for me to stay more than one night with you;—when I mean to press upon you in person, with all the little eloquence I possess, to accept my most sincere invitation to pass your whole life, if you please, or any portion of it, with me.

—‘ Settled as I hope very soon to be, I have not the least reason to believe that I shall ever return to *England* any more : —if, therefore, you should not do me the kindness to make me a visit in *Ireland*, we shall only meet once more, never in this world to meet again, and our next adieu will be an adieu for ever.——

—‘ But I look for better things.—In about ten days I hope to embrace you ;—to which time I shall defer the many, many things I have to say to you.——till then farewell ;—and believe me with the greatest truth,

your ever affectionate &c.’

My Friend soon followed his letter.—within a few days after I received it, he arrived.—We embraced and were silent.—when the warm glow of mutual satisfaction was a little softened, and we began to discourse, he, in the most pressing manner, repeated the invitation of his letter.—

letter.—I did not refuse, nor did accept it;—but left the matter open to be rejected or received as future events and circumstances might determine.—And now, said he, do not let this evening, which I have consecrated to the purposes of friendship, be interrupted. This evening may be the last we may pass together; and let it be worthy the occasion and ourselves. It is the common method, continued he, and a strange one it is, to make the separation of friends an occasion for convivial entertainments. These times are, in general, times of celebration, and dinners and suppers are prepared, as if we were to eat and drink our adieus instead of telling and feeling them. At this time of the year, he added, I prefer travelling by night; I shall therefore order my chaise to be ready for me at twelve o'clock: It is now six, said he, looking at his watch, and let us pass the intervening time as if we loved each other.—I made some opposition to this

violent haste and hurry, and proposed the respite only of a few hours : but he was inflexible. Indeed, added he, if there should be any ship ready to sail from this port to *Corke*, I will change my course, and take that opportunity of going to *Ireland*.——I immediately gave orders for a proper enquiry to be made ; and when a messenger was dispatched for this purpose, we both rose, as it were, by a sympathetic impulse, and walked forth.—My friend turned to the right when he got out of the house, and I followed him.——The meadows, said he, on the other side of the river, look most inviting and beautiful ;—so we crossed the water, and soon found ourselves embowered in the groves and thickets which adorn them.——Here he sauntered along and talked of the days that were gone and over, and of the many pleasant hours we had formerly passed together, 'till our hearts melted with the story.—And much we talked of love,—and much of

friendship.—The sorrows of life as well as its joys and comforts became, also, the subject of our discourse.—We viewed the continual rotation of fickle fortune's wheel, and saw it bear its thousands to alternate disgrace and exaltation.

——Sometimes we sat upon a stile, and sometimes we leaned against a tree, and spoke the language of the heart.—And thus we continued 'till the sun had sunk behind the hills, and the moon held forth her pale lamp to nature.

—Oh! it was a glorious evening!—and will more than repay me for the long, long solitary winter of gloom and darkness which is to succeed it!—The memory of its pleasures will make my dim taper bright,—and dart new warmth from the faggot which crackles upon my hearth.—'Tis this,—which will cast a warm mantle of comfort over me, when the wind rattles in the lattice,—and the flaky snow rests upon my thatch.—

We

We now returned home, and were informed that a ship, bound for *Corke*, would fall down to *King-road* with the next tide.—The following morning I attended him to the vessel:—We embraced as he entered it;—and I remained upon the Quay, and watched it, 'till it was towed out of the harbour.—I then mounted my horse and rode to the corner of *Durham-down*, which overlooks the river;—and as the ship passed beneath me, I waved my handkerchief to my friend, and he saw me; and kissing both his hands to m^e, he returned the signal again and again. I then pursued my ride to *King's-Weston*, where I eat a comfortless meal and continued to watch the vessel.—It had now reached *King-Road*: and, with the assistance of a Telescope, I saw it dancing upon the waves—and scudding swiftly before the wind.—I could have shed tears,—but that false pride, which so often stands between us and our best feelings, prevented me.—

It

It may be, perhaps, the weakness of my nature,—but so it is,—that my heart is very susceptible of tender impressions; and I have experienced so much pain from the attachments of life, that I have almost made a resolution, as the very few, which I possess, fall off,—to elect no more to succeed them.

——Even at this moment, when my pen hastens to the last page of this little volume, I am seriously affected with the consideration; and involuntarily, look forwards, with an awful expectation, to that solemn and, perhaps, approaching period, when time will date the last page of my life, and write my name in the registry of death.—

How it was, I know not, but I was never so disposed to receive melancholy impressions as on this occasion:—I have often parted with those I loved and have never I trust, been insensible to tenderness

on

on those occasions:—but I was now affected with a concern which I have seldom experienced.—It was a real heart-ach,—and I could hardly sustain it.

—But if I suffer this violent affliction when I part with a friend whom I may see again;—of whom, at least, I may receive frequent intelligence; and who, as in this instance, is gone from me to possess a thousand comforts which solicit him to enjoyment,——

——How shall I meet that dreadful moment, when, as I lay weak and languid upon my dying bed, Amanda stealing into my chamber, shall gently open the curtains and present her dear form before me!—and when, with a pale face and streaming eyes; with an air of desolation and a look of inexpressive tenderness and anguish, she shall strive to speak, but strive in vain;—How shall I be able to wave my hand, as a signal to bid her depart,—

depart,—and not arrest my thoughts in their passage to Heaven!

Or if it is decreed by the Great Arbitrer of human allotments, that I should survive thee;—how, Amanda, shall I support those fearful moments, when I draw nigh to take my last look of thee as thou layest in thy coffin; and having put the flowers into thy cold hands, I bend down to kiss thy pale, senseless lips and bid thee an eternal adieu!

All gracious power!—that canst make firm the feeble knees, and give strength to the drooping spirits;—if I am doomed to meet this trying hour,—Oh strengthen me!—sustain me!

——Have mercy upon me!

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